

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1084 APRIL 1956

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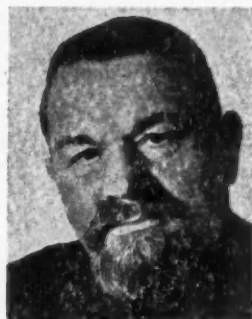
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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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THE RUSSIAN VISIT

RUSSIA is once more in the centre of the diplomatic stage. For a while she had been displaced by dramatic events elsewhere—the Eisenhower decision, Cyprus, the Middle East. Two things have now focussed the limelight upon her again. The first of these was the XXth Congress of the Communist Party in Moscow and the second is the approaching visit of Messrs. Krushchev and Bulganin to this country.

It is now quite certain that significant changes are taking place in Soviet policy. The recent Congress was the occasion for announcing them. It is not merely that it was publicly stated that autocracy had given place to "collective leadership," (whatever precisely that may mean) but that Stalin and Stalinism were openly denounced in strong language, thus completely justifying much of the criticism of him expressed in the western world while he was alive. Three questions arise out of this. First, what has prompted this change of direction in Soviet policy? Secondly, in what fields does it apply and how far does it go? Thirdly, should we in response to it modify our own policy and if so to what extent and in what way?

I doubt whether anyone outside of Russia can supply more than a conjectural answer to the first question. My guess would be that it was largely prompted by internal pressure; for even a totalitarian régime cannot afford to defy indefinitely the public opinion of its own nationals. I suspect that the myth that the Russian standard of life was superior to that in all western countries was beginning to be disbelieved; also it was realised that the conduct of foreign affairs was not yielding the delectable fruits that were claimed for it; and finally too many persons were being "liquidated" in successive purges for no convincing reasons. Be all this as it may, there is no doubt that immense pains are being taken to explain and to justify the new front by widespread propaganda. Stalin's deeds are being unreservedly condemned. Great reductions in the armed forces are being publicly proclaimed. The more sympathetic attitude towards Yugoslavia and Austria is held up for admiration. At the same time in spite of a new drive for heavy industry the hope is being held out of more, better and brighter consumer goods. It is no longer a question of guns in preference to butter but of good living as well as high class machinery.

It would be a serious blunder for the western world to refuse to believe in the reality of this change of front. The evidence of it is increasing daily and there is no doubt that it is being taken seriously inside Russia itself. What is in doubt is the extent to which it extends to the realm of foreign affairs. Behind the façade of greater cordiality is there any sign of a genuine effort to meet the democratic nations half way or even to appreciate their point of view? In my opinion it would be wrong to give an unqualified "yes" or "no" to this question. To be honest I think we should be prepared to admit that there are *some* signs but that they do not take us very far along the road towards amity and co-operation. Nevertheless I hold strongly that such as it is we should welcome the new front. It is all to the good if Russian citizens, men and women, are to have a better standard of life, if they are to be allowed greater freedom of thought and expression, and if a stop is to be put to the mediaeval crudity of

"liquidating" a discredited administrator. Even if there is not to be any general breaking down of frontiers it is a distinct advantage if a limited number of interchanges are allowed to take place between the nationals of Russia and of the West in the non-political activities of sport, art, science and the like. When it comes to political conference it is surely better to have the polite language of diplomacy than the brash tones which up till recently disgraced the gatherings of the United Nations.

But while we recognise and welcome the new front for what it is we should be exceedingly foolish if we were to mistake it for what it is not, and still more if we were to act on that assumption. There are no signs whatever that the present rulers of Russia have the smallest intention of abandoning either of their two fundamental aims. The first of these is not in essence a communist one at all. The communists inherit it together with their language and their national characteristics from the old Russia of the Czars. This aim is to expand the frontiers of their country in whatever direction they can go forward without overwhelming resistance. With the exception of Lenin who was an ideological internationalist the rulers of Russia have throughout history pursued this objective with varying degrees of success; and it would be self deception if we were to imagine that the change of front manifested in Russia today involves anything so fundamental as the abandonment of this aim today. Communist Russia is not in the least likely willingly to forego its hold on the satellite states within the iron curtain, or to relinquish its drive south and east if and when opportunity opens. We must even be prepared for a repetition of such manoeuvres as the crude attempt to seduce India from her loyalty to the Commonwealth by denigration of the United Kingdom.

The other objective which the present Russian rulers will hold on to with equal tenacity is the international spread of communism under the hegemony of its fountain source in the Kremlin. For this purpose the communist outposts in foreign countries are pawns to be used in whatever capacity it pleases their masters to direct them. So strong is the ideological attachment of these troops to the communist cause that they appear to be willing to undergo great hardship including partial ostracism by their compatriots in carrying out the dictates of their alien rulers. We in the west have therefore got to reckon with the continuance of a proselytizing Government in Russia and of communist sympathisers in our own countries and no new front of the present Russian rulers is likely to modify this in the slightest.

How then should we shape our own policy in the light of these facts? Wisdom dictates that we should remain constantly on our guard. There is no reason why we should not meet advance with advance in cordiality. There is no reason why we should not encourage interchange of visits of statesmen with statesmen of technicians with technicians, of scientists, artists, sportsmen with their opposite numbers. But we must keep a weather eye open for attempts at undue political indoctrination. There is no reason why we should not make such reductions in our armaments as we are satisfied are matched by similar reductions in the Soviet Union and its satellite states. But it would be folly to weaken the solidarity of our western front or to go back to a state of affairs where the strength of the western world was incapable of resisting the onslaught of a much greater

Soviet force. Let us never forget that it is by the wits, courage and common-sense of our people that we have won our place in the world and that it will be by these and our liberal attitude to other peoples that we shall hold it in the years to come.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

CYPRUS AND JORDAN

JORDAN's dismissal of General Glubb and Britain's almost simultaneous deportation of Archbishop Makarios from Cyprus have usefully focussed attention on danger spots in the Middle East which the national consciousness was inclined to ignore. Diplomats were aware of their explosive possibilities, but diplomats do not often face up to dangerous situations before the national consciousness is aroused. The soldiers' approach is more direct, and in both events a soldier has played a pivotal part. General Glubb exercised a restraining hand on Jordanian Arabs who were for forays into and warfare with Israel; Sir John Harding came to the conclusion that he could no longer negotiate with a prelate who, he was convinced, was not acting in good faith, and that so long as the archbishop remained at large in the island, his troops and police would continue to be victims of terrorist outrages which the powerful religious head not only refused to condemn but actively encouraged.

At the moment of writing British national consciousness seems to be awakening but, as always in a democracy, there is a majority and a minority party. In the wars of this century—the South African campaign and two world wars—there has been a party which genuinely believed that their country was in the wrong, and that true British interests lay in pacifism, disarmament, or offers to negotiate. If there be a point of agreement amongst all parties, it is a belief in the virtue of ultimate self-government. The issue between them can be narrowed down to difference as to the pace of advance. The British way is to go step by step, but at what rate? Co-opted members of local administrations are followed by Legislative Councils and Assemblies composed of nominated and freely-elected representatives, occupants for Government and Opposition benches. The Governor retains certain reserve powers while the dependent country is being trained in Parliamentary methods, and its army is being gradually officered by indigenous officers trained to obey civilian Parliamentary rule, and to resist the temptation to foment the formation of military juntas and have periodic revolutions. In India the procedure has had a striking success. The subcontinent presents the best example in the whole of the East of Parliamentary democracies, the next best being probably Japan which was not a British dependency, and which we can only claim to have benefited by the force of example; for Japan owes little or nothing to British tuition. In Burma, Malaya, the Sudan and elsewhere we have yet to see what we shall see.

On the Cyprus question where does the sum total of true British interests lie? The minority who have opposed the present British Government's action in deporting Archbishop Makarios consists of mixed elements. There are those who, being themselves professing Christians, are shocked by the arrest of an archbishop, in their eyes as in those of his own people a sacred dignitary. Strategic interests and our dependence on a protected route for our essential imports of oil do not come uppermost in their minds.

Others, who may not be professing Christians, consider the arrest on a par with the arrest and confinement of prelates by the communist Government of Russia. Yet others are firm believers in the virtue of negotiations however prolonged, or such strong Party men that they think no good thing can come from a Conservative Government.

In the debates in Lords and Commons the mildest and most responsible criticism came from Earl Attlee. It differed radically in outlook from the speeches of Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Mr. Gaitskill, Mr. Noel-Baker and Mr. Clement Davies in the Commons on the previous day. Obviously distressed by the action of the American ambassador in Athens in expressing his sympathy with the Greek Government over the deportation, he said that during his own Prime Ministership our American friends were not always helpful when the Government had to deal with difficulties in Persia and Egypt; "they were a little apt to stand on the side lines and leave Britain to carry on the fight. They were not participants in the Baghdad Pact, the shield intended to protect the whole area. They drew more oil from what might be termed the soft underbelly of that region than did Britain." No one could condone a murder campaign. A régime created by the bomb and the dagger often had difficulty in shaking them off later. Referring to the number of parties in Greece, he added that if he were a Cypriot he would hesitate before wanting to come under the Greek Government.

His main criticism was that he did not believe it was ever wise to remove "the ruler of a nationalist movement." (I quote from *The Times*' report, but the word "ruler" should perhaps be "leader.") But he added that he held no brief for Archbishop Makarios, though he remembered that the rebels of the past tended sooner or later to become Prime Ministers of the British Commonwealth.

Here, perhaps, Lord Attlee was confusing the issue. Rebels have always been treated as rebels, and imprisoned or deported. If this treatment leads to such desirable results, would not that seem a reason for continuing it? He doubtless had in mind his friend Mr. Nehru, since he himself was directly concerned in creating an independent India and Pakistan, both of which remain within the Commonwealth. But Nehru and Mr. Gandhi, the idolised leader of the non-violent non-co-operation nationalist movement, abhorred terrorism, ceaselessly denounced it, and struggled against the violent nationalists who assassinated Governors and members of the Indian Civil Service. Both went to prison several times, but throughout retained not only their creed but also their British friendships. Mr. de Valera is another instance of a rebel who became a Prime Minister within the Commonwealth, but he was an open-hearted rebel and, though by no means abjuring violence, was not a terrorist. Jinnah, who became the ruler of Pakistan, confined himself to Parliamentary opposition, refused all British offers of membership of the Government of India in the pre-independence period, and never had to go to prison.

Lord Attlee merely moved for papers, in order to call attention to "the deterioration of the situation in the Middle East and in Cyprus." His maiden speech in the House of Lords was evidently much to the liking of his fellow peers and, unlike the Liberal and Labour leaders in the House of Commons, he withdrew the motion without a division. The debate was

marked by the intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury who described his own failure to get Makarios to condemn terrorism. The latter had replied that "an official condemnation of events by myself would not find at the present stage the necessary response but would involve the risk of exposing me rather unprofitably." In Dr. Fisher's opinion the Greek prelate had put himself very much in the wrong. To his own people and to others he had allowed himself to appear to condone terrorism. Dr. Fisher's final words in the debate were "I condemn Archbishop Makarios for not himself disowning it."

It will not be entirely surprising if by the time these lines are in print the speeches of Lord Attlee and the reactions of the families of the young men who became the victims of the terrorists while doing their national service in Cyprus have led Mr. Gaitskill and Mr. Clement Davies to second thoughts. The American Government has had second thoughts, and it seems clear that the American Ambassador in Athens entirely on his own initiative expressed his sympathy to the Greek Government owing to a somewhat panic-stricken feeling that Greece might go communist overnight. Yet in Britain there is in all informed quarters much distress at our strained relations with Greece. The Greeks have been good friends in bad times. They rebelled against King Constantine for his anti-British activities in the first world war. In the first week of that war Mr. Venezelos assured me that this would happen and used a phrase which I afterwards learnt was a favourite one with him;—"In every war the British win one battle, the last one."

Still we have to remember that though a majority of the inhabitants today belong to the Greek church, never since B.C. has Cyprus been a Greek island. In renaissance days the Turks took it from the Venetians. In 1878 they ceded it to Britain on condition that it should revert to Turkey if Russia should give up Batoum and Kars. Disraeli justified the somewhat unpopular acquisition on the ground that it was "a strong *place d'armes*." For long it was a liability, needing constant subsidies for its development, but finally under British administration it has become exceedingly prosperous. With the British departure from Suez it has at length warranted Disraeli's words. For N.A.T.O., and more especially for Britain, it is necessary to hold it. Without it we could not protect the oil supplies on which we depend for the maintenance of our standard of living or carry out our commitments under the tripartite agreement to intervene should war break out on Israel's frontiers. Cyprus is now a vital air link. A Greek offer to provide bases in Cyprus in return for annexation to Greece would have no validity in the absence of British sovereignty, as the abrupt dismissal of Sir John Glubb in Jordan has shown. The Turks want us to stay and the Mohammedan population's fears for its fate under a Greek annexation are real, and by no means a British invention, as the Greeks allege, in furtherance of a divide-and-rule policy. Lord Attlee suggested that Israel should be supplied with selected modern arms, particularly aircraft, as a deterrent to Arab aggression. There is a good deal of sympathy with that proposal in Britain where Israel has numerous friends, notably Sir Winston Churchill. The tripartite agreement to preserve the peace in the Arab-Israel quarrel is a solid fact, but unfortunately neither Arabs nor Israelis believe it. Both sides think it more likely

to end in talk. A means of convincing them is sorely needed. Whether King Hussein is sufficiently secure on his throne to continue to resist the ambitions and bribes of Colonel Nasser and the Saudi Arabians is in doubt. Much depends on the moderating influence of King Faisal and Iraq's Prime Minister, Nuri-es-Seyyid. There is no possibility of Jordan joining the Baghdad Pact, but Iraq may yet provide more effective leadership for the Arab world than Colonel Nasser can, and save it from plunging into challenging the tripartite Powers in a military adventure foredoomed to failure.

ARTHUR MOORE.

KHRUSHCHEV IN COMMAND

THE latest appointment of Khrushchev as chairman of the newly created party bureau for the Russian Federal Republic, the core of the U.S.S.R. with over half of its total population, as well as the composition of the newly elected party Central Committee, confirms undoubtedly that Khrushchev has emerged as the boss of the collective leadership. The long hand preparations in fortifying his position by replacing party officials with his friends have been from time to time described. The majority of those who disappeared from the Central Committee are known as friends of Malenkov, a few as former followers of Stalin. The elected comprise also men who are known to be Khrushchev's opponents and friends of Malenkov: Doronin, Ignatov and Jasnov, the first two being party secretaries of Smolensk and Gorki and the latter the Prime Minister of the Russian Federal Republic; but they now come under Khrushchev's direct orders and control as head of the new bureau. Whether they will be able to survive his exacting demands on party leaders which he announced in his six hours speech remains to be seen. The score of unknown Ukrainians who entered the Central Committee makes one believe that they are Khrushchev's men although it is difficult to prove this yet. It is obvious, however, that Mikoyan has retained in the Central Committee an important number of his friends, but besides this minority Khrushchev has a handy majority behind him.

He has used this occasion to oust from the Central Committee those leaders of the army and navy who have shown in the past hostile attitudes and replaced them with his friends, strengthening thus his personal influence on the army and navy: that on the air force he has obtained some time ago. Another confirmation is the fading power of Marshal Zhukov. He has been elected only as a candidate to the Central Committee and his close friend General Shaltov the head of the army's political bureau was not re-elected, which can only mean that he will soon lose this important job and will probably be replaced by a Khrushchev man. Full members became Marshal Moskalenko who collaborated effectively with Khrushchev in the overthrow of Beria, as well as Marshal Malinovsky a close friend of Marshal Koniev, Zhukov's open enemy, who is already in the Central Committee, and candidates Marshal Jeremenko a Ukrainian and Birjushov, who was made by Khrushchev a Marshal immediately after Beria's downfall. Also the head of the navy's political bureau Admiral Secharov has disappeared from the Central Committee together with all other navy men. In their place came Admiral Gorshakov who commands the Black Sea fleet, of Ukrainian origin, as the only representative of the navy. This can

be taken as a sign that in the Russian navy Khrushchev has not for the time being many friends. The new composition of the party's Secretariat shows also a strengthening of the Khrushchev elements by the nomination of the first woman Mrs. Furtseva to become a full member of the Central Committee and Muchtidinov, Khrushchev's ideological adviser. One concession has however been made to Mikoyan by attaching Breshnev to the Secretariat and electing him as a candidate to the Central Committee. The conclusion from all these facts can be only that Khrushchev, having assured for himself the majority in the Central Committee, the Secretariat and among the representatives of the Army and Navy, has accepted at least for the time being a collaboration with Mikoyan and Malenkov who together represent only a minority. This situation gives a totally different interpretation to the bitter attacks of Mikoyan, Malenkov and Molotov in their speeches against the single leadership. They sound more as a preventive attack against an imminent danger than posthumous mud throwing on Stalin.

* For the time being it is certain that Khrushchev does not feel himself strong enough to give up the coalition. This is evident also by his consent to be appointed head of the new party bureau. The programme and the necessity for this new organ has been expounded by him for two hours in his long speech after vehemently criticising the present slackness of the Party, the Trade Unions and the Komsomol. His main task was to shake up those party organs from their lack of interest and red tape, to streamline them so as to become apt not only to lead the ideological fight but to create real and competent leaders of production from the party ranks. If he succeeds he will control through his followers not only the whole production sector but also internal trade which up to the present is Mikoyan's realm. He is also out to increase the number of party members. For the first time in Soviet Russia he advocated the advancement of women from their present role of hard labourers to that of leaders of economic and political units, an endeavour—illustrated by the nomination of Mrs. Furtseva—which will bring him undoubtedly a great number of friends in the feminine sex but might to some extent alienate men with orthodox Russian views about women. There is however one question which requires an answer: Why has such a streamlining body been set up only in the Russian republic? Is it because he has not the personnel to do it everywhere, or is it rather because he wants to keep progress and power mostly in ethnical Russian hands? Whatever the real explanation, the fact cannot be denied that if the big task which Khrushchev has put himself succeeds the total strength of the communist party and of Soviet Russia itself will grow immensely, because ultimately his endeavour—as he stated—is not only to improve the material well being of the peasants, workers and intelligentsia but to increase considerably the country's production.

V. V. TILEA.

OUR ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

IT is a sound instinct that has made people treat the country's economic difficulties—which are not overpoweringly grave if measured in millions—as a crisis. The root of these troubles goes back many years, and their development poses a problem affecting the foundations of modern

democracy—not only in this country but in most of Western Europe.

The development goes back to Lloyd George. His policy had two main aims: to redistribute property and to weaken the House of Lords as a revising and moderating factor in legislation. In other words, he prepared the demise of the ruling class which had hitherto been more or less co-extensive with the upper and upper middle classes, and prepared a system literally equivalent to government of the people by the people. The ground was further prepared by the First World War. *Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*. At the end a widespread tendency existed to blame it all on the government—on the “old gang”—and to seek a remedy in a further extension of the franchise. The Weimar Constitution was one instance. In Great Britain the voting system flowered into perfection with the grant of the so-called “flapper vote.” Intrinsically it was a vote-catching measure. Baldwin, with the shattering candour that was his, reminded the Commons (on February 20th, 1925) “of a fact which had escaped [Ramsay MacDonald]—that every extension of the franchise had added to the strength of the Conservative Party.” But the measure drew its ultimate expediency from the fact that a national feeling existed for extending the voting power as widely as possible. The effect was to form a nation-wide electorate interested primarily in voting for the Party which seemed to promise most.

A further element (still at work) was the Great Depression and the lasting trauma it inflicted on the national consciousness. The general feeling was that governments had fumbled in dealing with unemployment, and that they must do better. The Second World War produced the remedy. It taught governments the technique of a really comprehensive control of the nation's economy, a control which could be exercised partly by financial and partly by physical *dirigisme*. It is significant that the Central Statistical Office was the brain-child of Churchill, not a doctrinaire worshipper of the planned state. Without a knowledge expressed in numbers about what was going on in the country it was impossible to make the best of its resources for running the war. The series of able studies about the way in which the different Departments played their parts during the hostilities shows convincingly how essential planning, based on statistical information, had become for enlightened government. The knowledge acquired in this way is not likely to become one of the lost skills. It is used in the annual Economic Survey and in the Budget; and the Budget for its part is nowadays very clearly not an instrument standing by itself, but one playing an ascertained part within the national economy regarded—and this is the important aspect—as a whole.

After the War the wish for security of employment was only the first in a longish list of wishes for other sorts of security—wishes which presently found expression in the legislation constituting the Welfare State. This was of course the work of the first Attlee Administration; but it did not reflect the wishes of those people only who voted Labour. Rather it expressed the national hankering after a comfortable security which began to spread between the wars and manifested itself most strikingly in the general reluctance to rearm. After all it was Baldwin who uttered the battle cry (if that is the correct term) of “Safety first.”

This, then, is the position, a position likely to be with us for a good many

years: (1) we have a virtually omnipotent electorate; (2) we are without a ruling class (the term is inappropriate to the existing bureaucracy) capable of disregarding if necessary the short-sighted public desires; and we have (3) governments understanding the technique of running the State as a whole and possessing the machinery to modify if not to control the country's economic fortunes by taxation and other methods but ultimately depending wholly on the electorate. The voters can make what they like of the State.

In its essence, there can be little doubt about it, the crisis reflects a nation-wide aspiration. Each of the two major Parties has made a characteristic contribution towards it. In the form in which it exists today the Welfare State could have been the product only of the Labour Party. The Welfare State relates to that element in the crisis which is due to the insistence on a dangerously high standard of living and to the resultant tendency to over-consume. The Labour Party's favoured instrument, besides taxation, was physical control, a system accompanied by a fair level of financial rectitude on the one hand and, on the other, by a certain rigidity tending towards the imperfect utilisation of existing resources. The Conservatives had different motives and used a different machinery. They had a genuine interest in free enterprise; but they were also under a particular necessity to show that they could do more for the voter than the other side. The natural result was a strain on the economy which manifested itself in inflation. (The biggest part in this process was probably played by the successful but misplaced housing drive.) And inflation also had the characteristic quality of giving greater freedom to the economy. To complete the picture it must be added that the devaluation of the pound in 1949 did its part in raising prices.

In a democracy the wooing of the voter is an inevitable element: to this extent there is nothing new in the present position. What is new is that the voter has become more exacting; hence the extreme sensitiveness of governments to his real or imagined demands. Some startling examples can be quoted. In February 1952, for instance, the Transport Tribunal approved increases in certain fares. This caused annoyance; the Cabinet met; and soon after the Minister of Transport directed the Transport Commission not to increase the fares. The Minister was deliberately overriding the Tribunal's decision, and he claimed to be doing so in conformity with Section 4 of the Transport Act, which empowered him to give the Transport Commission "directions of a general character" in relation to matters which appeared to him "to affect the national interest." Apparently the Minister thought that the Government's popularity was a matter of national interest—which was begging the question underlying the parliamentary system.

The assiduous wooing of the housewife (the flapper of 1925 has now reached a maturer age) and the promises of a fuller and cheaper shopping basket provide a more general instance. The existence of nationalised industries has also played its part. The irrational arrangement by which the Transport Commission and the Coal Board are compelled to pay interest on what is technically a Government stock though economically it is an equity, regardless of whether the necessary money is earned or not, has made the entire question of profitability unreal. And so we find unearned millions being offered to the railway employees at the beginning of this

year, while Mr. Aubrey Jones, the newly appointed Minister of Fuel and Power, expresses his "severest displeasure" to the Chairman of the London Electricity Board for having suggested that the nationalised industries tend to give way too readily to wage demands.

In the course of the last few months the crisis has undergone a special development. It is no longer certain that genuine inflation—that is, the creation of purchasing power through deficit finance—is the biggest factor in raising prices. The devaluation of 1949 also has spent its force. What is now of supreme importance is apparently the will to spend which reflects the insistence on a high standard of living. Its vigour can be exactly measured. In the last quarter of last year the deposits at the clearing banks were substantially lower (the result of Government pressure) than they had been a year earlier; at the same time the turnover of cheques was substantially higher. It is fairly certain that the turnover of bank notes, if it could be measured, would give the same result.

The high rate of consumption is dangerous in two ways. It is, or until recently was, financed, if that is the term, by the transfer of purchasing power from the pockets of people who tend to save to the pockets of people who want to spend. Hence the high turnover of money. This is one danger. The other lies in the special effect which this tendency towards high consumption coupled with rising prices has on the balance of payments and hence on the gold and dollar reserves. Too big a volume of goods is being imported, partly because of the growing consumption at home, and partly because of the natural desire of merchants to increase their stocks on a rising market.

In this position it is clear that the Government must follow two distinct methods in dealing with the crisis. It has to cope with the true inflationary pressure created by its own over-expenditure, and it has to deal with the high turnover of money caused by the drive to spend. Technically these problems are not difficult. A brake can be applied to the high turnover of money by offering rewards for saving and imposing penalties on spending, and this has in fact been done. The increase in the Bank Rate implies higher rewards for saving, as well as sanctions on spending; Purchase Tax penalises spending; and the various restraints on building announced last year by Mr. Duncan Sandys will (or may) damp down one rather unnecessary form of capital outlay. The £300 million 5 per cent Government Loan announced in March will remove part of the inflationary pressure resulting from Government expenditure. All these measures are obvious and correct. Others seem to be unduly inspired by the reading of hand-books. The high Bank Rate is meant not only to encourage thrift, but also to discourage new enterprise, and it will have this latter effect most powerfully among those concerns which are shortest of cash. It is not evident that those which happen not to be flush of cash are the ones whose activities ought to be discouraged. In other words, controls may be needed. On the whole, however, the measures form a useful programme and are beginning to work. The great question is, whether they will do *all* the work required of them. In theory, once again, they should. The task is not really very great. Last year's wages increased over those of 1954 by 6.7 per cent; industrial output increased by about 4.3 per cent. The difference between these figures is a rough measure of the inflationary

pressure. It follows that if output could be increased and/or demands decreased by a total amount of under $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, the pressure should disappear; and this is not an extravagant requirement. But it does not follow automatically that the requirement will be met. At the moment the Trades Unions are as impetuous as ever in their demands, and employers are putting up no more than a token resistance. In these circumstances most deflationary measures could be frustrated.

All in all the danger of a catastrophic inflation is not perhaps very great. People in this country have a way of pulling themselves together at the last moment if they have to. But this cannot be regarded as certain. Perhaps the most important aspect of the British crisis is that it is not unique; a recent O.E.E.C. report shows that a similar position exists in most of Western Europe, though to be sure Great Britain is least able to afford it. We come back to what was said at the beginning—that this is in its essence a crisis of democracy. All the West European countries, with insignificant exceptions, are democracies, in all of them people want to live better, and in all the people have ultimate control over the Government. The question common for all is whether they will allow the Governments which they control to impose unpleasant but necessary correctives. This fundamental question is posed in the profound passage in *The Brothers Karamazov*, in the dialogue between the Prisoner and the Grand Inquisitor, where the Inquisitor utters the warning that men want bread more than freedom. The danger is that the warning may come true and that (in less dramatic terms) matters will deteriorate until some sort of authoritarian government is called in to fix the standard of living so as to ensure solvency. It need not happen. But this does not mean that it cannot happen.

IGNOTUS.

VICTORIAN MEMORIES

VII. LORD ACTON

I HAVE sometimes been called Lord Acton's pupil, even—without any justification—his favourite pupil. If that flattering label is intended to indicate that I sat at his feet in my formative years and derived my conception of history from him, it is incorrect. I never saw him till the day I left Cambridge in 1895, by which time I had formed my own ideas without being particularly influenced by any of my teachers. If, on the other hand, my name is thus honourably associated with his, it is because none of my contemporaries received more personal kindness and encouragement from him, none entertained a warmer admiration for his writings, and none shared with deeper conviction his hatred of coercion and regimentation from whatever quarter it might come—from an omnipotent state, an intolerant church, or a Parliamentary majority. He had grateful pupils but not a single disciple. We differed, of course, in our religious beliefs, for there were no Catholics in the University, but he also differed in many ways from members of his own communion, and his closest English friends were found outside the Roman obedience. He was that *rara avis* a Catholic Liberal, fearlessly proclaiming his own views on the limits of ecclesiastical authority, and exalting the individual Christian conscience above any external institution as the final arbiter in public or private conduct. Anyone less resembling the principal converts among his

English contemporaries it was impossible to conceive. Had he not been the child of Catholic parents this impenitent individualist would never have entered the totalitarian fold. While Newman accepted the Vatican Decrees reluctantly and Ward greeted them with a cheer, Acton deplored the centralisation of power. He never referred to this painful topic and of course we never brought it up. In his two courses of Cambridge lectures there is not a word to indicate the communion to which he belonged. So far from feeling like a fish out of water in a Protestant University, he enjoyed its varied society to the full, for nowhere had he been so warmly appreciated. His six years as Regius Professor were his Indian Summer and one of the happiest periods of his life which had known many disappointments.

No one could have felt keener satisfaction than myself when the nomination was announced. I had hoped for it and talked of it without expecting it, for no Catholic had ever been considered for the post. Grateful though I felt to Seeley and much as I admired his writings, I yearned for a broader and deeper interpretation of history than the political school could provide. Early in 1895 my old London teacher Sir John Laughton, our leading naval historian, walked into my room in the Great Court of Trinity, telling me that he had come to sound opinion as to the chances of his appointment. I could not wish him success, for his approach was even narrower than that of Seeley. By a curious coincidence Rosebery was called upon during his brief Premiership to select the Regius Professors of History at the sister Universities, and the wisdom of the Cambridge choice was quickly and universally recognised. We all felt that he brought an international atmosphere into the University. His descent through his father from the Prime Minister of Naples during the Napoleonic era, and through his mother from the ancient German house of Dalberg, secured from his birth the entry into a cosmopolitan circle which was enlarged by the marriage of his early widowed mother to Lord Granville, a pillar of the Whigs throughout the Victorian era.

Döllinger, his revered Munich teacher, had said that if Acton did not write a big work before he was forty he never would. The forecast was fulfilled, and one of the most learned men of his time passed away at the age of sixty-eight without having published a single book. His treasures—and treasures they were—had to be sought in the pages of periodicals. He took no great interest in metaphysics and natural science, *belles-lettres* and the arts, but in his knowledge of European ideologies since the Middle Ages he has never been surpassed in England or anywhere else. His massive article on *German Schools of History* inaugurated the first number of the *English Historical Review* in 1886, and was described by Creighton, the editor, as taking his breath away. His tribute to Döllinger, written after his master's death in 1890, was scarcely less impressive. His reviews of such classics as Lea's *History of the Inquisition*, Creighton's volumes on the Renaissance Papacy, and Bryce's *American Commonwealth* were little treatises in themselves, and his contributions formed the most striking feature of the opening phase of that famous journal.

The new Professor delivered his Inaugural on the day in May, 1895, that I ended my University life. A crowded audience had gathered to hear the man who, in his opening phrases, struck off the fetters in which

Seeley had bound himself and tried to bind his pupils. "Politics and history are interwoven but are not commensurate. Ours is a domain that reaches farther than affairs of state. It is our function to keep in view and to command the movement of ideas, which are not the effect but the cause of public events." Passing from the scope of history to the spirit which should govern our inquiries, he emphasised the sanctity of the moral code. "I exhort you never to debase the moral currency but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong. If we lower our standard in history, we cannot uphold it in Church and State." It was a striking performance, and the deep tones of his voice added weight to his confession of faith.

In the hierarchy of British historians Acton occupies in one respect a place below his predecessor Seeley and his successors Bury and Trevelyan, all of whom have bequeathed to us enduring monuments of scholarship. But in sheer force of personality and width of outlook, in the stimulus of his conversation and the suggestiveness of his writings, fragmentary though they be, he surpasses all holders of the Cambridge Chair. To Seeley history was a school of citizenship, to Acton a spiritual discipline. "In judging men and things ethics go before dogma, politics and nationality." It was asking a good deal of his hearers and readers, but he practised what he preached. "The inflexible integrity of the moral code is to me the secret of the authority, the dignity and the nobility of history." Almost all the reviewers of the Inaugural, which was published with a wealth of annotations, rejected his ethical rigorism while saluting the power and suggestiveness of the discourse. No other historian has declined to attribute some share of the guilt of a sinner to the ideology and practice of his time.

In my first talk with Acton at the Athenaeum in the following January, after my return from three months in Berlin, we exchanged memories of the leading German University. He recalled the lectures of Ranke and Boeckh in the fifties, and sought my impressions of Treitschke and Harnack. Our main topic, however, was the volume on the political ideas of seventeenth century England which was beginning to fill my thoughts. The arresting work of Figgis on *The Divine Right of Kings* had stated the case for that un-English doctrine, and it was my ambition to present the democratic ideology of the same controversial era in competition for the annual Thirlwall prize. He entered warmly into my scheme and proceeded, as was his way, to recommend a list of French and German monographs, among them Gierke's *Althusius*, which he described in his oracular way as the best book on modern political thinking.

Acton was never sparing with his superlatives, either in praise or blame. Profoundly English in his passion for ordered liberty, he was profoundly un-English in his scorn of compromise. As a young Member of Parliament he confessed that nobody agreed with him and he had agreed with nobody. He was later to find a leader after his own heart in Gladstone, but in the Church of his birth he ploughed a lonely furrow till the end. Though he accepted its theology this prince of individualists spent many years of his life in denouncing its past misdeeds. He fought at Döllinger's side against the mounting tide of Ultramontaniam, flagellated the Jesuits who, in his

opinion, pulled the strings to which Pio Nono danced, fulminated against the Inquisition, and pronounced the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew the greatest crime of modern times. Indifference, casuistry, compromise on moral issues seemed to him not failings but sins against the inner light which meant as much to him as to George Fox. If he could satisfy his conscience he cared little what his ecclesiastical superiors thought. After the Vatican Council he expected to be excommunicated like Döllinger, but as a layman he was spared. Neither of them joined the Old Catholics though they remained in touch with their friends who did.

For the next five years I enjoyed the friendship and encouragement of the Regius Professor, visiting him at the Athenaeum, in his rooms in Trinity, or in his spacious home on the Trumpington Road. Gladstone, according to Lord Morley, could never have enough of his company. The same authoritative witness at the close of his life confided to me that if he could summon one of his old friends from the grave, and only one, it would be Acton. If I were thinking exclusively in terms of intellectual stimulus I should make the same choice. To boundless knowledge of books he added an unsurpassed knowledge of men. He had met many celebrities who had played a part in the political, religious and academic life of Europe and America for half a century. He had sat in the House of Commons when Palmerston was at the helm, and later in the House of Lords, though he rarely intervened in debate. Having spent half his life abroad, he was equally at home in England and Germany, Italy and France. He had challenged the formidable triumvirate—Newman, Manning and Ward—in an unsuccessful attempt to introduce the critical standards of German scholarship into English Catholic circles. In politics he was a convinced Home Ruler, an opponent of the South African war, and a foe of Imperialism wherever it reared its ugly head.

Greatly as I admired his learning I never regarded his verdicts as final. Though it was always of interest to hear his oracular pronouncements, some of them struck men of cooler blood like myself as too severe. Döllinger's ethical relativism, his readiness to make allowances for human frailty and the varying standards of different ages, wounded him to the heart. Since the coming of Christ, he declared defiantly, there was no excuse for anyone to say that he did not know the difference between right and wrong. While most historians content themselves with trying to describe "how things really were," to use the familiar formula of Ranke, he strode through life with a big stick and laid about him without fear or favour. "The greater the sinner the greater the sin." To hush up crimes was almost as grave an offence as to commit them. Hence his celebrated onslaught on Creighton's leniency to the Renaissance Popes—the first and last instance of a Catholic scholar censuring an Anglican Bishop for whitewashing the Vatican.

If the categorical imperative of the conscience was the first article of Acton's ideology, the second was the promotion of liberty in all its forms through the cutting up of power into little bits so that no mortal man or group of men should possess too much of it. The oft-quoted aphorism in a letter to Creighton—"all power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely"—is his most enduring legacy to mankind. He declined to make an exception for the Pope whose claim to infallibility in

matters of faith and morals was rebutted with a wealth of erudition in the most celebrated of Döllinger's writings, *The Pope and the Council*. Acton's ideal constitution was a federation on the Swiss or American model, a system of wheels within wheels. Though he was born in Italy of a German mother, educated in France and Germany, and spent a large part of his life abroad, he had enough English blood in his veins to love political and spiritual liberty with a passion never exceeded by any of its island champions from Milton to Mill.

It was Acton's lifelong opposition to totalitarianism in every form which drew me so closely to him and which accounts for the spectacular revival of interest in the man and his writings in the middle decades of the twentieth century. Fifty years after his death the lonely scholar has come into his own. "He is of this age more than of his," declares Gertrude Himmelforb in her striking volume *Lord Acton: a Study in Religion and Politics*; "he is indeed one of our great contemporaries." It is above all as an apostle of liberty that his name and influence survive. He ranks with Locke and Jefferson, Humboldt, Mill and Croce among the leading Liberal thinkers of the modern world. He agreed with Gladstone that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and with Goethe's couplet that "he and he only merits liberty who conquers it afresh from day to day." And he demanded much more than national and political self-determination. "By liberty I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, customs and opinion. It is better to be the citizen of a humble commonwealth in the Alps than the subject of the superb autocracy that overshadows half of Asia and Europe." There was always a ring in his voice when he spoke of liberty.

Since liberty was the greatest prize of civilised mankind and indeed the hall-mark of civilisation, its evolution appeared to Acton the most significant theme in the whole range of historical research. "We have no thread through the enormous intricacy of modern politics," he declared in his *Lectures on Modern History*, "except the idea of progress towards more perfect and assured freedom and the divine right of free men." The dream of his life—to write the history of liberty—was unfulfilled for his words on Döllinger are applicable to himself. "He would not write with imperfect materials, and to him the materials were always imperfect." Happily we can reconstruct the outlines from the crumbs which fell from his table. At the back of everything since man emerged from savagery we discover the conflict of ideas. The first step on the long road was the Stoic recognition of "the law of nature"; the second was the proclamation of the spiritual independence of the individual by the Christian Church, the first great institution which dared to tell the state: "Thus far and no farther"; the third was the British invention of representative government in the thirteenth century; the fourth the proclamation of the Rights of Man by the Founding Fathers of the United States and the men of 1789. While almost every Catholic speaks with horror of the French Revolution Acton greets its opening phase with a cheer. The Declaration of the Rights of Man is welcomed as "the triumphant proclamation of the doctrine that human obligations are not all assignable to interest or to force. This single page of print is stronger than all the armies of Napoleon."

Yet democracy, like all forms of government, needs to be watched, for no class is fit for supreme power. "The law of liberty tends to abolish the reign of race over race, of faith over faith, of class over class." The emancipation of conscience, he declared, was the main content of modern history.

Acton's main occupation during his closing years was the planning of the *Cambridge Modern History*. He accepted the invitation of the University Press with alacrity, "because such an opportunity of promoting his own ideas for the treatment of history has seldom been given to any man. We shall avoid the needless utterance of opinion or service of a cause. Contributors will understand that our Waterloo must satisfy French and English, Germans and Dutch alike." He had drawn up a list of contributors and secured the acceptance of the greater number when in the spring of 1901 he had a stroke. Though he gradually rallied his work at Cambridge was over and he retired to his home at Tegerasee in the Bavarian Alps. On the evening before I started for Egypt in January, 1902, I received a long letter in pencil asking me to look up various queries in the British Museum. I promised to comply after my return, but then it was too late. He died shortly before the appearance of the first volume. The Introductory Chapter on the legacy of the Middle Ages which he had intended to write was entrusted to Bishop Creighton. It was my privilege to contribute to four of the twelve volumes and to review his posthumous lectures, essays, and correspondence before the First World War, and the illuminating monographs which appeared after the close of the Second. An even more enduring monument to his connection with Cambridge is his magnificent library purchased by Andrew Carnegie and presented to John Morley, who in turn presented it to the University. There students young and old may consult his vast collections of notes and extracts, bricks for a mighty edifice which his habits of work and the brief span of human life forbade the architect to construct. *Qui trop embrasse malétreint.*

To be continued.

G. P. GOOCH.

THE CHANGING FACE OF MOROCCO

THE Franco-Moroccan negotiations are consecrating a new phase in Moroccan affairs. After the Conquest by the French in 1911 a generous attempt had been made to modernise strife-riven Morocco under the able and devoted leadership of General Lyautey. But already before the 1920s were out the country had been overrun by French business interests, industrialists and adventurers who found Lyautey and his aides in their way. Their aim was to turn Morocco, still legally a sovereign nation, into a French colony, with themselves as the factual rulers of the country. After enduring social humiliation, economic pauperisation and political repression for over two decades, the Moroccans resorted to the last resource of the oppressed: terror. After two years of a continuous succession of bloody incidents, the French and the Moroccan extremists vainly trying to outdo each other, the French Cabinet, on the eve of its fall and the subsequent dissolution of a sadly ineffective parliament, officially declared Morocco an "independent country." The Sultan, deported from his country like a criminal two years earlier, was solemnly recalled, reinstated and recognised by the French government as

a full-fledged partner in negotiations transferring effective power from the French to the Moroccans. Constitutional government has already been introduced and effective democratisation of a semi-feudal country is now to get under way.

Only yesterday trade unionism was allowed to Europeans only, a fact which the Communists soon turned to excellent account for themselves. Today a democratic trade union organisation is grouping Moroccan workers for effective action. The political power of the great native chieftains is being effectively broken. Only yesterday Moroccans who felt keenly as Moroccans and proclaimed their Moroccan nationality were persecuted as "nationalists," as though nationalism, a virtue in France particularly in the years 1940-44, was criminal the moment it was no longer French. Political parties were banned. The natives who had economic and social grievances were not allowed to voice them in the manner traditional in civilised lands by organising orderly, political parties to express the interests of large population groups. Today, two full-fledged political parties are engaged in the kind of political struggle we know between parties in this and other civilised lands. Moroccans have begun to hope. This hope contains another hope, one for the world, for Morocco, the Orient's Atlantic nation, is intended by geography itself as a bridge between the Occident and the Orient; and the fact that the French have at last seen the light leaves the door open for a new form of association of Islamic Morocco and the Western World.

Morocco is Islam's Western outpost and the natural meeting point of East and West, being an Atlantic as well as a Mediterranean country. While the world's press speaks about Moroccans as Arabs, the majority of Moroccans may only be so called in the cultural sense, like Americans referred to as "Anglo-Saxons." Indeed, while some Arab tribes have settled on Moroccan soil, most Moroccans descend from aboriginal Berber tribes, racially akin to the Spanish and Portuguese. But most of Morocco, certainly the lowlands and cities, is thoroughly Arabicised in language, customs and culture. Only in the mountain valleys and on the plateaux Berber tribes continue to live in the time-honoured way of their ancestors, retaining their speech and their customs. Only their religion is Islam. In order to rule the country more easily the French have sanctioned an arbitrary division. Treating the old, feudally organised tribesmen of Berber speech as a "Berber Race," and their arabicised fellow-countrymen of town and plain as an "Arab Race," the idea of a bi-national state was launched: *divide et impera*, "divide in order to rule." Owing to the semi-colonial economy of Morocco, the native Moroccans, driven from the best lands, unable to get the kind of education and vocational training that would qualify them for better-paid jobs in workshops and factories, were generally proletarianised. This uprooted proletariat was a potential threat to the local French, Morocco's new rulers, both economically and politically. This threat would materialise should the native Moroccan workers organise industrially and politically. Hence the French Morocco administration prohibited both native trade unions and native political parties.

Besides playing on the traditional difference between mountaineer and plainsmen, by decreeing, by a statute in the early 1930s, both to belong to

different, traditionally opposed races, the French also played upon the traditional opposition between the country's unifying tendencies as represented by the Sultan, up to 1953 both spiritual and temporal head of the nation, and the Ulemas ("doctors of Islamic Law") on the one hand, and the centrifugal tendencies represented by the feudal chiefs, the tribal heads who were reluctant to bow to the central government at Fez. When the French, firmly installed in Algeria since 1840, had sufficiently placated the other Great Powers to be allowed to march on Fez in 1911 to "safeguard French interests" in Morocco, they were helped by the tribal chiefs. These latter, on being assured by the French that, far from their existing privileges being curtailed, more would be added to them, joined the war against their lawful ruler. The victorious French, after having imposed on Abdul Aziz the Treaty of Fez establishing a French Protectorate over Morocco, rewarded their helpers by creating them or confirming them as pashas and caids of the main cities of the plains. Thus El Glawi (or Glaoui) became Pasha of Marrakesh, others became pashas of Rabat, Casablanca, etc. To their new rôle of keeping the tribesmen quiet was added the new one: to keep the "Arab" proletariat of the cities quiet, using their loyal tribesmen as auxiliary police. The French in turn accepted the principle of indirect rule of the tribal preserves; that is they did not directly interfere with the age-old customs and traditions of the "Berber" tribesmen. This actually meant confirming the pashas and caids in their feudal rule. In the same manner, the French confirmed the Sultan in his autocratic rule with a difference. The Sultan was to continue to rule as an autocrat, but as "advised" by his French adviser the Résident Général. Thus the French achieved two things: Firstly they kept up, even reinforced, the barrier between the Berber mountaineers, kept down in a feudal system, under the close supervision of their hereditary rulers—the faithful allies of the French and the more evolved plainsmen; Secondly they prevented political changes in the more evolved cities of Morocco, for political changes in the direction of effective democracy would be bound to usher in economic and social reforms which would threaten French interests.

What were those French interests to be so threatened? French businessmen had already penetrated Morocco before 1911. It was to reinforce their position and their hold on the country's economy that the French conquered the country. Now, after the conquest and the subsequent "pacification" of the country, tens of thousands of Frenchmen had come to that wealthy land, potentially wealthy, that is, to exploit its resources. Only the new settlers wished to be the sole exploiters of the country's wealth. They wanted to get the maximum out of the country and not have to share it with the natives. It would be wrong to say that the French just lived off the land. They did create efficient public services, a modern administration, an effective police force, a modern system of civil justice. They did set up modern industries, modern communications. They built new towns or new sections around ancient towns. But they themselves were the chief beneficiaries. Modern transportation suited French businessmen and administrators. But native Moroccans who never travelled to any extent had little cause to be grateful for the new buses and the splendid new highways largely financed with their taxes. The new

factories required experts and skilled workers. The French owners and managers, either unwilling to train natives for such posts and jobs or too impatient to wait long enough for such training to be completed, imported European technicians, managers, skilled workers. Natives had to be content with labouring jobs, such as were available, in factories and in the new harbour installations. Yet they were forbidden to organise in unions. The Europeans could and did form their own trade unions, bettering their conditions, while those of the native proletariat remained poor, often deteriorating as the ancient self-sufficing domestic economy was more and more replaced by a monetary one, and with insufficient money to spend on essentials, once home-produced but now having to be bought, thus native resentment grew. Mass-production soon put the formerly prosperous and powerful class of artisans out of business, proletarianising it as dispossessed landowners had been proletarianised. Few of the former farmer-owners of the fertile plains, evicted by the French conquerors, could start afresh in the highlands, so long as the highlands remained the sacred precincts of feudalism and "Arabs" were regarded as enemies, or at any rate with the greatest suspicion.

While the French built new cities like Casablanca, and added new, modern quarters to old ones, as in Rabat, Marrakesh, etc., only the wealthiest, most "assimilated" Moroccans found their way into them. The bulk of the native urban population remained in the crowded and unhygienic Medinas (native cities). But seeing alongside of what *was* that which *could be* filled the natives with growing resentment. Here in their own country, with the wealth of that country and the taxes of the native inhabitants, the foreigner had built splendid palaces, modern businesses, new residential quarters, while everything was done to keep the native down, poor and uneducated, and to prevent him from using the very means the Europeans themselves so successfully used to better their own lot; namely political and industrial organisation.

The discontent and resentment took two main different forms. The depressed native middle classes and some of the old families who did not share the spoils of the Conquest or share in the new prosperity looked back to the Old Days of theocratic rule when the Moroccan ruling classes were masters at home and did not share wealth or power with outsiders. On the other hand, the bulk of the native workers, the poorer farmers, the new intellectuals, particularly those who had received a European education, and found they could hardly use it in the existing scheme of things, looked for basic economic, social and political reforms. Here again there were two elements: the moderate and more enlightened Moroccans wished to co-operate with France and with the more liberal French settlers in the process of turning Morocco into a modern country, governed constitutionally and, when enough natives had been properly educated, democratically. This group, the founders of the Istiqlal (or "Freedom") party, rejected both the autocratic pre-French past and the present (that is pre-1955) system where the French settlers, like the Whites in the Union of South Africa, were the "Herrenvolk," while the natives were being economically and socially, as well as politically, reduced to the position of "Niggers" without any rights other than religious. Then there were the extremists, those who had no confidence in the French, no matter how democratic or

liberal, and who despaired of them ever allowing the Moroccan people political expression. They came, therefore, more and more to believe in direct action to eject the invaders and colonialists. Indeed, the French administration and police had taken over more and more of the prerogatives of the native administration. Only religious justice remained in native hands. French law courts, the administration and the police became more and more a tool of powerful settler interests. There was no redress for the poorer native who could not buy his way to justice. There were not sufficient educational facilities for natives to create economic and social "cadres" among native Moroccans to enable them to make their voice effectively heard and their weight felt in their own country. Gradually the fear arose that the French aimed at denationalising the natives, turn their country into a French colony or, like Algeria, into part of France. Passions ran high, but still there was no native violence.

Then came the ill-fated "coup" of August, 1953, when the powerful French settlers and their Berber allies, playing on the religious fanaticism of the Ulemas, deposed the Sultan and had him deported to Madagascar. The apparent reason was that the Sultan sympathised with the outlawed Istiqlal Party and was therefore not loyal to the treaty with France. The real reason was the Sultan's obstinate refusal to sign the French-promulgated reforms which would have apparently "democratised" the country, but in practice turned over more political power to the French administration in the country. With the Sultan's exile and the appointment of a French stooge, Ben Arafa, the extremist faction of the Istiqlal, and fanatics outside of that party, began to resort to terror. First it was sporadic and ill-organised. French repression was not only pitiless but indiscriminate. The alarmed police began to round up suspects and imprison them without trial. Tortures worthy of Gestapo methods were resorted to in order to make "suspected nationalists" confess to plots, name "ringleaders," and admit to crimes they never committed. This caused such revulsion among more moderate Istiqlal members and others that the extremist faction won more and more support. Terror became better organised and more effective. The alarmed French settlers reacted in two ways: the moderates appealed to Paris for real reforms to pacify and rally the natives. Other French elements, however, afraid as much of reforms proclaimed from Paris, which would endanger their political and economic position in the country as of native terror, organised an effective counter-terror. Large elements of the French police joined in the organisation of that terror and took it over. But instead of finding and killing actual terrorists among the natives, they killed venerated moderate leaders who might actually have succeeded in bringing democratic government to their country, and those liberal Frenchmen who would have helped them in so doing. Since the Moroccan terrorists also killed off moderates among their own nationals, accusing them of "collaboration," the situation became reminiscent of that in France during the Occupation: the "foreigners" were the enemy, whatever their beliefs and actions, and every native who did not support the "patriots" was a traitor and "collaborationist" to be dealt with as such.

What the Sultan had not succeeded in achieving during his pre-1953 rule he now won through his stoic attitude in his exile: an ever-growing popularity. The Istiqlal, apart from its economic and social as well as

political revendications, became the party of the restoration of the legitimate ruler. As such it, in turn, gained wider and wider support in the country. For a time French counter-terror succeeded in cowing the native, moderate élite. For a time the Berber tribesmen obeyed their chieftains and descended into the cities of the plains to "police" them. But French excesses, whether due to counter-terrorists or to French justice and police, went so far that even formerly moderate Moroccans opposed to mob-rule and direct action came to join the Istiqlal. Others founded a rival party, also illegal, the Party of Democratic Independence (PDI). French political instability at home and the power of the North African Lobby paralysed Paris: the initiative remained in Morocco, with the settlers and their native opponents, ever better organised.

Finally a startling thing happened: Berber tribesmen re-discovered Moroccan solidarity with their "Arab" fellow-countrymen. Many urban workers had originally come from the Berber country. Rebellion flared up in the Rif Mountains, a "purely Berber" area. Heavily outnumbered and out-gunned by the French, assisted by well-trained former S.S.-troopers turned *Légionnaires*, the "rebels" held out as they still do. The whole of Morocco seemed suddenly to blaze up. The Faure government saw the writing on the wall, and in an attempt to save what could be saved of French investments in Morocco with a sudden turn-about face proclaimed Morocco's *de jure* independence on the basis of inter-dependence which simply means that France and Morocco, though both autonomous communities, shall remain joined in a close alliance. But from now on there was to be French non-interference in Moroccan native affairs. The Istiqlal, recognised already *de facto* when negotiations about the ex-Sultan's restoration were begun, was now recognised *de jure*. The French had to find native spokesmen to negotiate with, and since French terror had either liquidated all moderate elements or else driven them willy nilly into the arms of the extremists, only the Istiqlal and the new PDI could be regarded as spokesmen for the Moroccans.

The Sultan was duly restored. Since his deposition was followed by a separation of spiritual and temporal powers, he is now a strictly temporal ruler. A responsible and representative native government has now been set up and the Sovereign has declared himself a constitutional ruler. But he is anxious to avoid mob-rule, so free elections have been postponed until tempers have cooled off. In the meanwhile the government of Morocco is responsible to the Sultan as representative of the nation. Present negotiations with France will clearly decide Morocco's new status, particularly as regards a Moroccan army and a foreign service. But Morocco's newly-won independence cannot any longer be challenged. Now the real task of social and economic reforms will begin. The Berbers and "Arabs" will have to be integrated into one united nation. The tribesmen will have to be de-feudalised, the powers of pashas and caids abolished. El Glaoui's death led to the abolition of his status and powers. His sons are now simple Moroccans. A general education system capable of modernising the entire native population has to be set up. The whole Berber population has to be taught first Arab and then French. Native agriculture has to be modernised, new land won for cultivation. New industries capable of absorbing surplus native labour have to be set up, more and more natives

trained for key positions. Already democratically organised native trade unions exist. They will be a good training field for native democracy soon to be extended to politics. As soon as practicable there will be general elections and a democratic Moroccan parliament will be elected to initiate new democratic legislation. The status of the Spanish Zone and Tangier will presently have to be revised since the organic unity of Morocco has never been legally challenged. The Spaniards, to annoy the French, encouraged and aided the Rif rebellion, but by so doing fanned the flames of Moroccan nationalism in their own zone. Now that the Rif war has forced France to grant independence to her part of Morocco the Spaniards will be unable to keep their hold on their own. But international treaties must be properly rescinded. A general conference will be required to restore a united, independent Morocco. The new Morocco will need French capital, French specialists as advisers; few responsible Moroccans wish to turn their back on France. The present negotiations are so important precisely because a new mode of co-existence and co-operation as between equals has to be worked out.

DAVID PHILIP.

SEVILLE ENCHANTMENTS

LONG pole-barriers at a level crossing brought us to a standstill beside a green expanse of sugarcane, and there, soaring out of the vast plain ahead into the azure Andalusian sky, we descried the fabulous Giralda tower built by the Moors in 1196 and looking, I make no doubt, exactly the same (with the exception of the figure at the summit of St. Raphael patron Saint of Seville) as when the sight of it gladdened the eyes of the conquering St. Ferdinand two centuries later after a six months' siege. The city surrendered on November 23, 1249, to the Castilian warrior-monarch who rests in a magnificent silver coffin in the royal chapel of the Cathedral, whose first act was to expel 300,000 Moors and parcel out their lands among his soldiers.

We stopped in the "Plaza de la Virgen de los Reyes" before the ornate red-brick façade of the Archbishop's palace, which contains several Murillos and a Velasquez (both painters were natives of Seville) with ceilings painted by Antonio Mohedano; but the sun was shining and across the square I saw the Puerta, or Door, "de Palos" of that vast Cathedral, the second largest in Christendom, while its superb, eye-commanding tower rose massively beside it into a sky resembling a vast vault of blue satin. I crossed the square and pushed through the heavy leathern curtains. The huge interior was illumined well enough from the long high windows. The atmosphere was devout in the extreme. Behind the *coro* Mass was being celebrated before a host of black-clad men and many Sevillanas, black eyes flashing below raven hair half concealed by their long black lace mantillas. I stood with them some moments and passed on down the opposite aisle to the sumptuous tomb of Columbus, with its four gigantic stone figures of royal pages of the time of Isabella and Ferdinand bearing on their shoulders a catafalque in which repose the bones or dust of the fabulous Lord High Admiral of the Ocean Sea. In high renaissance lettering was the proud inscription: "*Aquí yacen los restos de Cristobal Colon*" and other surrounding banners said: "A

Castilla y a Leon, Nueva Mundo dio Colon ("To Castille and Leon Columbus gave a new world"). In 1796 his remains were transferred from Haiti (Hispanolia), where he was first buried, to Cuba (where I saw the empty niche in the wall of the high altar of the cathedral at Havana in 1939. When Cuba gained her independence they were brought back to Seville in 1891. The fabulous remains are well enough sepulchred now.

Like Toledo, Seville Cathedral is a place of wonder. The visitor needs leisure and patience in order to savour its spaciousness and magnificence, its stupendous works of art, among them Murillo's "San Antonio," works of Jordaens, Váldes Leal, Zurbarán, Ribera, the incomparable sculptures of Montañes and Diego de Siloe, the great and precious Renaissance custodia, commissioned by the Cathedral chapter in 1579 and fashioned in a few months by Juan de Arfe who with no false modesty declared in a detailed description that it was "the largest and best piece of work that this generation knows," and the wonderful ivory crucifix of Alonso Cano. One must revisit this Cathedral again and again to grasp its immense "spaciousness of soul" to enjoy its vast silences and detailed beauties.

The Court of the Oranges, now occupying only half the space it once did with its green-barked trees and bitter uneatable fruit, looked grey and forlorn in the January light. The Columbus Library of books and manuscripts, which once belonged to the Discoverer of the new world and afterwards to his eldest son Fernando who presented it to the city, was unfortunately closed. I left the Cathedral precincts and walked to the Pension Don Marcos, situated in the former "Palace of the Abbots" (hence the street name "Abades") in the old part of the city, with its beautiful spacious patio, pleasant enough, in spring and summer, but cold in January, and its subterranean remains of Roman baths.

Less than ten minutes away was the British Institute occupying a fine Andalusian mansion; a nearby corner house bore a plaque recording that Cardinal Wiseman had been born there. How evocative it was of the Seville of earlier centuries to walk through these silent, narrow, cobbled streets at night, gazing up beyond the decorated iron *rejas*, with their trailing green plants, at the inky-dark sky all aglitter with multitudinous stars. In shadowed doorways lovers would be seen conversing in low tones, while from shuttered ground-floor rooms one heard the strumming of guitars and clear, bell-like song. How easy to conjure up the vision of Pedro the Cruel sallying forth from that Moorish Alcazar nearby to engage in some nocturnal escapade, ending in seduction or murder! How inevitable to recall that I was in the traditional city of Don Juan de Tenorio.

After many years I strolled once again through the narrow Sierras, forbidden to all but pedestrian traffic, with its fascinating shops crowded with fans and trinkets, male and female dolls clad in the captivating Andalusian festival dress, or as matadors or farmers, past the site of the prison where Cervantes conceived his masterpiece, back round the historic Plaza de San Fernando, Seville's heart and centre through so many centuries, past the rich renaissance façade of the Town Hall, the Casas Capitulares or *Ayuntamiento*, to the broad promenade on the left bank of the river with Seville's great Bull-ring ("Real Maestranza de Caballeria") and Torre d'Oro, the old Moorish tower in which the silver and gold sent back to Spain by the *conquistadores* was stored.

The gay and volatile Sevillians love promenading their streets and squares half the night. But it is of course on festive occasions that this daily panorama of Sevillian life provides the richest spectacle, in Holy Week, or during the *feria* held each April in the immense Prado de San Sebastian, adjoining the enchanting Maria Luisa Park. In this *Prado* there is a striking equestrian statue of the Cid Campeador, Ruy Diaz de Vivar, standing in his great stirrups with sword raised aloft ("A disaster for Islam" announces its Spanish inscription), a work executed by the American sculptress and life long Hispanophile Alice Huntingdon.

As it happened, the Feast of the Three Kings coincided with my visit and made it specially memorable. One evening when crossing the lamp-lit Plaza de la Virgen, and rounding a corner of the Cathedral with, on the left, the historic Lonja containing the archives of the administration and evangelisation of the "Indies," or Spanish American colonies, my ears were assailed by the sweet but sharp and penetrating notes of a choir singing some rhythmical chant of quite obvious Arab musical origin. At the great gate of St. Christopher, opposite the Lonja, the courtyard was brightly lit up, and half-filled with young, middle-aged and old Sevillians crowded round half-a-dozen boys dressed in coloured capes and wearing tasselled caps who were singing with right goodwill accompanied by a guitar, a tambourine, triangles and a drum. All I could make of their chanting was the refrain "*la Nav-i-dad*," which expressively and freely sprinkled the verses.

Beyond these pious lads, who were probably the *seises* who dance before the High Altar on the Feast of Corpus Cristi, and the attendant crowd, stretched right across the great shadowed Puerto de San Christobal, was a sloping brightly lit tableau depicting the arrival of the Magi—three ebony-hued and elaborately appavelled dolls alighting at the stable door at Bethlehem and sinking on one knee before the Wonder Child. Across the wide tableau, studied with tiny trees and bushes, other miniature figures were scattered, each a careful study, and various toy animals including laden camels and a donkey baring its teeth and dragging at its bridle. How charming seemed such childlike faith in the historical authenticity of the Bible narrative. Not so jejune but far more spectacular was the procession through the main streets, hours later. The cavalcade, preceded by military trumpeters and a cavalry band, was, I estimate, nearly half a mile long, with platoons of khaki-clad soldiers marching in front of each float or *paso* bearing girls dressed as angels or women of Bethlehem. All Seville was in the streets, milling inwards from the dense-packed pavements, as the procession approached. So thick was the crowd, so excited the children, that I was forced to squeeze through the "crust" and join the procession itself, finding myself behind the float of King Melchior. Home-made rhymes in honour of the Kings were to be seen affixed above the portals of hard-headed silversmiths in Sierpes, while the cafés did a roaring trade in *copas* of wine, *canas* of beer, or *copitas* of the sweet anis liqueur.

The Alcazar, standing beyond the Moorish red walls and but a stone's throw from the Cathedral, remains, after six centuries, a precious jewel of the Hispano-Arab civilisation. The glittering mosaics dating from the time of Pedro the Cruel, the arched and pillared galleries of the Patio de las

Doncellas, the exquisite proportions and coloured splendours of the Hall of Ambassadors—uniting (says José Amador de los Ríos) all the "*mas grandioso y bello ha producido la arquitectura arabe en nuestro suelo privilegiado*"—the Salon of Carlos V, which tradition says witnessed the death of St. Ferdinand who took up his residence in the Alcazar after the conquest of the city, the hall and oratory of Ferdinand and Isabella—or the delicious gardens so beloved of Charles V, with their spreading flower-beds, citrus trees, palms, and banks of sweet-smelling jasmine, and sibillating fountains—all here constitutes an enchantment for the visitor from the North at any time of the year. Not the least enthralling of the Alcazar exhibits are the famous tapestries depicting the expedition of Charles V to Tunisia. Unlike most royal tapestries these are historic records with authentic portraits. The tall, angular, fully armoured and accoutred figure of the military commander of the expedition, for instance, the Duke of Alba, the "great" Alvarez de Toledo, is immediately identifiable in the throng of horsemen and warriors on the low shore, with his granite-like forehead, beetling eyes, and patriarchal beard. Those piercing, hawk-like features had come down through the centuries as family heirlooms, and whenever I met his descendent, the late Duke of Berwick and Alba, in London or Madrid, I fancied I could discern in his proud and aristocratic features the actual lineaments of his famous ancestor.

The aura of antiquity and diverse occupancy hangs, too, about the celebrated Palacio de las Duenas, the Alba Seville palace, which harmoniously unites Moorish, Gothic and Renaissance styles, with a *mudejar* patio and a Gothic chapel. I followed the Duke's agent through the living rooms, draped with white furniture coverings, and the bedrooms occupied at various times by the Empress Eugenie, the Duke's aunt, the Duchess of Northumberland, and the Duff Coopers. The walls contained few pictures of merit, but it was interesting on emerging from the last room to find two sepia portraits by Augustus John of the late Duke and his daughter, the present Duchess of Berwick and Alba, relics presumably of Embassy days in Belgrave Square. A marble memorial plaque in the hall of the "Archivo General de Indies" commemorates the Spanish missionaries, Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, and others, who lost their lives while evangelising the Americas. I was disappointed not to find in the upper galleries the letter Cervantes addressed to the "Casa" seeking a job as clerk in the New World; but there was one from Cortes, and another from Pizarro, and a rough map of Hispanolia and two autograph letters of Columbus. From the vexed handwriting of these last historic missives, and from others in the Alba private collection, the complex and obstinate character of the man may easily be defined. An absorbing hour can well be spent wandering through the galleries of this first "India House," inspecting original maps, letters, reports, appeals to the King, and other documents relating to the missionising and settlement, and subsequent government, of the Spanish possessions "*ultra mar*," in South America and the Caribbean, in Cuba, New Orleans, California and Florida. One thickish volume recorded the foundations by Fray Juniper Serra, native of Palma, Mallorca, of the chain of Spanish missions standing to this day along the Californian coast. In 1926 the Central Union Trust of New York offered a lineal descendent of Columbus, Don Cristobal Colón y Aguilera, Duke of

Veragua, two and a half million pesetas for his Columbus books and documents. He refused the offer and sold the precious relics to the Spanish State for half the sum.

One afternoon Julio drove me once more along the broad Paseo de Cristobal Colón, past the Torre del Oro and the Bullring, and through the street of Nuñez de Balboa, to the celebrated Hospital de la Santa Caridad, where Mañara, the reputed original of Don Juan, is buried. Now a Refuge for beggars and the sick, in centuries past it housed condemned criminals. A tall and stately if somewhat decrepit nun led us through the cloisters and prim garden to the church, today a place of pilgrimage as much for its masterpieces of Spanish art as for its pious associations. Within the typically 17th century interior are renowned canvases by Murillo and Juan de Valdés Leál, the former edifying and enlivening, the latter horrifying in their macabre realism. There are perhaps no more realistic representations of the stark finality of death than Valdés Leál's "El Triunfo de la Muerte," painted in 1670, and his "Fin de las Glorias del Mundo," painted the following year, which face each other on opposite walls at the head of the nave in Mañara's church. But Murillo's "Annunciation," occupying the centre position at the altar in the sacristy, is one of the loveliest and most placid and serene of all this enchanting Seville painter's works.

Mañara typifies the Spanish obsession with death. In the 16th century his work "Discurso de la Verdad" was published with its whole content summarised in the opening quotation: "*Memento homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris . . .*". "Of what importance is it, Brother," he asks, "to be powerful in this world, if Death reduces you to the same condition as the least? Can you distinguish in a bone-house who were rich in life and who poor, the sage from the fool, the small from the great? All are bones, all skeletons, cutting the same figure." Jorge Manrique had said the same thing a couple of centuries earlier in his exquisite *Coplas*. Mañara died on May 9, 1679, and was buried in the porch of his church under a stone bearing the inscription in Spanish: "In consideration that his vile body is unworthy to be buried within the temple of God . . . here lie the bones and ashes of the worst man who has ever inhabited the world." Years later the remains were transferred to a tomb before the high altar, but the stone funereal inscription in the porch remains.

As a counter to these lugubrious preoccupations I went in the evening to a musical production by the brothers Quintero and León Quiroga, at the Alvarez Quintero theatre. Entitled "Las Alegrías de Juan Veléz" it was an enchantment for ear and eye, with tuneful music in the true Spanish and Andalusian tradition, and a variety of captivating dance measures by members of the cast whose bell-like voices, beauty of face and figure, and sinuous, spirited or statuesque movements, together with the electric explosions of their castanets, were an enchantment to hear and behold. If Seville on this winter visit had given me none other memorable experience, "The Joys of John Willis" (to anglicise the title) would itself have been worth the journey! In 1946 I had seen a similar "musical comedy" show at the Teatro de San Fernando, where the singing, dancing and costuming, the colour and passionate posturings, had been an intoxication, and the dialogue joyously naive ("Yo soy honrado por fuero—y por dentro!")

—"I am honorable inside—and out!"). How that Seville audience clapped, stamped and whistled their hearty approval of the heroine's chaste declaration. With what sonorous emphasis she had pronounced the opening words, "*Yo soy!*".

One morning I drove out to the parish church of San Gil, where, in a light and beautiful chapel, is preserved the venerated image of the Virgen de la Esperanza, popularly known as "La Macarena." The church, one of the most historic in Seville after the Cathedral, stands beside the original Roman walls of "Hispalis," in the very frame in fact of the original and only surviving Roman "Macarena" Gate. These magnificent walls, strikingly reminiscent of those at Rome and Constantinople, originally had 166 towers. The surviving one is affectionately known as "Tia (Aunt) Tomasa!" I stood among the black-clad throng during Mass, then returned to the chapel where other black-clad visitants were gazing adoringly into the typical Sevillian face of La Macarena.

Crossing the flagstones towards the main door, the name on a new tombstone caught my attention, "Queipo de Llano." Here, then, was the last resting-place of that famous Andalusian general, Laureate of San Fernando, who, by his presence of mind and astute bluffing, saved Seville and all Andalusia from Communist domination in the first days of the Civil War and held the city for the Nationalists with a platoon of volunteers. Outside, in the bright January sunshine, stalls were piled high with flowers, making great blobs of brilliant colour in front of the Roman wall.

S. F. A. COLES.

WAGNER'S WARNINGS TO GERMANY

WITH the emergence of Western Germany as a sovereign State last May a new phase in our post-war relations to her began.

Before that we had heard a lot about the "re-education" of Germans; since then we have been hearing about our co-operation with them. Soon after this event an interesting article about Schiller by Dr. Ernst Benedict appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. It seemed to me very much to the point especially towards the end. Because, clearly, if that universal peace for which everyone longs is going to materialise, mutual understanding between nations in the realm of higher culture—not only in politics—must grow. Everyone who has lived much in Germany is well aware that Germans know us in those spheres much better than we, as a nation, know them. Nor is our proverbial insularity sufficient to account for this lack in us. Compare our attitude towards Germany with that of our traditional one towards "la belle France" (always rather that of wooer towards a coy mistress) and the contrast is illuminating. For Germany has ever been treated rather like an awkward adolescent younger brother, and the best kind of Germans have smarted sorely under the supercilious manners of the "kalten Engländer." If we hope therefore that the British occupation has helped Germans to learn some political sense, let us not forget what they can teach us in other spheres.

This brings us to Wagner. Quite contrary to what has been widely spread about in this country, the Reich (politically) in none of its phases paid the slightest attention to his views on German character and destiny.

And quite naturally so: because each phase had the same aim, "political domination over other nations" and this was the thing which Wagner altogether condemned for Germany. Thus Bismark ignored his views; Kaiser Wilhelm II did the same and Hitler completely distorted them. Yet these views of his throw light upon the vexed question of Germany and German character as nothing else does to the same extent. Their importance rests in this, that he was able to grasp the German character as an integral whole. From inside, as a German himself, he saw it at close quarters with affection and deep sympathy; as a man of enormous universality, on the other hand, he saw it in its relationship to other national types. The final verdict was that its weakness was a counterpart to its strength. He then strove, as none other did, to show a way by which it could reach stability and health.

The truly great Germans had brought something new and supremely important into the world. If the chief blossom was music, its quintessence had shown itself also in poetry, prose and philosophy. In Schopenhauer's philosophy (of which Wagner made a special study) the metaphysics of music and of dreams is an essential feature. Embryonic throughout the whole people, this special element had made Germans something different from their Latin neighbours. They had developed the ear more than the eye; the Latins, conversely, the eye more than the ear. They had excelled in the invisible, the Latins in the visible things. Their language, with its native word-origins, understood by the uneducated as well as the educated (unlike our own, for instance), was a special link between Germans. It tended to make them stand together and apart from others. The word "deutsch" itself was derived from "deutlich" clear, and "deuten" to make clear. Germans had always been home-loving—they understood each other. Racial or "blood" theories did not go deep enough. This was a spiritual link. Indeed so much Germanic blood had been spilt and so much alien blood introduced into Germany as a result of the Thirty Years War that it was difficult to decide "What is German?" That is the title of one of his articles. Wagner was never a racist, widely misrepresented as such though he has been.

Germans were a receptive people. This had been both an asset and a bane to them. Great things had been genuinely assimilated from foreign peoples, notably music which had come from Italy. But much which was harmful to the people had been introduced first by their frenchified princes and later by others. On the strength of their truly gifted countrymen's fame, Germans with only mediocre gifts were prone to congratulate themselves and become phlegmatic. No people was more in need of spurring on to self-help than they. Their excessive obedience to authority was pitiable. Thus had they become a prey to one evil influence after another. Their lack of political talent was obvious. Yet, Wagner felt, they could and must mature and become responsible for the way they were governed. "Inertia" was the reverse side of that special quality which was genuinely German. This side must be corrected in the German folk.

A species of diagnosis common in Allied propaganda during Hitler's period made it appear that the Nazi movement had emerged upon a natural welling-up of primitive instincts from remote antiquity. The

"Berserker rage" was often mentioned. As an explanation of deeds the chief characteristic of which was deliberate planning this was not convincing. To those familiar with political-commercial Germany, it counted as the sheerest rubbish. What was wanted was more fire in the German masses, not less; more ability to throw off hampering alien influences, more healthy fire but fewer smouldering grudges and unhealthy ambitions. And, only too obviously, it was these latter which Hitler made use of to gain power over the masses.

Wagner deplored with passionate earnestness the foolish hankering after a return to imperial "Magnificence" (*Herrlichkeit*) like that of the Middle Ages, which Germans were constantly showing together with a longing for "supreme domination over other nations." As if this had ever done them any good! Yet "even the most good-natured Germans" showed it "when dreaming about Germany's past." There was then that vulgar boasting about all kinds of German-ness! German "depth"—"earnestness"—"faithfulness" etc., a thing "simply disgusting to the really cultured Germans," who well knew how much less prone to such exhibitions of folly were the French and English. And there was the so-called "German spirit" too. How easy it was "to launch out about this in empty phrases!" Yet Goethe and Schiller had poured it out all over the world without uttering a word about "the German spirit." Acknowledged "by all nations as great," this spirit was really only to be found "in the ideal soarings of the great creators of Germany's rebirth in the last (18th) century." This, "the one mighty thing" which Germany did really possess would only then be understood by Germans themselves when they had "abandoned every other false tendency ascribed to Germans." And around this spirit he concludes, "the only lasting State-Constitution" which could lead to Germany's welfare "must grow." That spirit, reborn during the terrible period after the Thirty Years War, when the people, pitifully reduced in numbers, had preserved their language itself only with difficulty, was first resurrected by Bach. Then an astonishing out-burst of genius followed: Goethe, Schiller, profound thinkers, scholars, other great musicians and finally Beethoven. Thus had it always been! In times of material hardship the true German spirit had shown itself. Material well-being had, on the other hand, ever tended to kill it. It is with an emotion of veritable piety that he speaks of this child of poverty and suffering; this "one great thing" for which the Germans had been denied many other qualities; this one thing which it was now their sacred duty to guard. But, alas, they were not doing it! "The danger in which the whole of German public life stands I have already indicated. Woe to us and to the world if, this time, the people should be preserved but the Spirit of Germany should disappear. This thing, so hard to conceive of, is nearer us than we imagine!"

These ominously prophetic words were written a few years before the Franco-Prussian War. Then for a short time he saw some hope in the uniting of Germany and the War itself. Later, on however, he said that if he could have known earlier what Bismark's Table-Talk at Versailles revealed, he would never have had the slightest hope that that statesman would lead Germany in the right direction. Later still, in 1879, he had very nearly reached the conclusion that Germany would have to give up

her newly regained "unity and material power in Europe" if Germans were to "preserve that special quality which could make them not, it is true, rulers but ennoblers of the world." It was good to read the following words during the War in a *Times Literary Supplement* leader: "The attempt to foist Wagner upon the world as the prophet of Hitler has already foundered amid universal derision. He, at any rate, cannot be surrendered to the Nazis"! Unfortunately, however, this pronouncement was premature. For even when the "winning of the peace" and "the re-education of Germany" was already on the agenda, Wagner was still being held up as a convicted progenator of Nazism by highly educated English writers. This was done, apparently, because the notoriously uneducated Nazi propagandists had boosted the "Ring" merely on account of its "Nordic" theme. That this drama is, without exception, the sternest warning against Power Politics ever issued was as little understood by the English writers as by the uneducated Nazis.

Ignorance of this sort is not to the nation's credit. In our very special relationship to Germany now this particular case of it should be washed out. Because the "Ring" is a very special work, a land-mark in German history, a land-mark in the history of art, an experiment by a pioneer in the sphere of thought generally. It is the work of a man of "vast" mind, as Professor Sir Donald Tovey describes Wagner. So fully did he himself realise how difficult it would be to get his whole meaning through to the audience that he created his Bayreuth especially for the Ring and did all he could to prevent it being heard anywhere else. One would have thought that these bare facts would have been common knowledge to all cultured people by this time. Even at Bayreuth hearers, especially foreign hearers, were foolish not to make themselves acquainted with the words of the drama beforehand. And there can be no doubt that although music is at the core of his every thought, music is not the right approach to Wagner. The solid word is there to be understood and the difficult problem of making the word when sung articulate has clearly not yet been fully solved. The "absolute music" attitude, both in performers and audiences, has always been the great stumbling-block in the way of understanding Wagner. The "absolute" musicians, absolute connoisseurs in their own estimation, were from the start his main opponents and the chief distorters of his views. I will go a step further and express the opinion that the right approach to Wagner is religion, that nothing less really embraces his thought, and that those who do not realise this have missed the greatest thing of all: the intensity of his conviction. His last long article "Religion and Art" abundantly confirms this view.

To Germans as a whole and to musicians in particular, his message was essentially the same: they must gain a firmer grip upon life itself and the arts generally if the *true* "spirit" of Germany was to have a healthy future. Beethoven, after rising into the realms of the ineffable higher than all others, had finally shown this. He had, in his last symphony, shown that the time was now come to bring the joyful tidings of universal union expressed in words as well as music down to earth and mankind. And so it was with a performance of the Ninth Symphony that Wagner dedicated Bayreuth to its future work.

Dr. Benedikt quoted Schiller's words used in the last movement:

"O ye millions I embrace you! This kiss I give to the whole world." These and other words in the same spirit which are wedded to the glorious main theme in a superlative manner embody Wagner's faith in the ultimate mission of Germany. But this mission would be carried out, he foresaw, "only by the exercise of extraordinary patience and after most hampering delays." Meanwhile in his last years, he said, speaking of the state of things in Germany, that he considered these "as bad as they could possibly be," and that, if ten years younger, he would emigrate to America. "My hopelessness for Germany is complete. In saying this I am indeed saying something! For when I struck out in my own individual line, long ago for the first time, this was written upon my banner:—With Germany to stand or fall." Let us hope that he would be able to repeat these last six words once more with joy and conviction—if he were now able to return.

M. BRUCE.

THE MYSTERY OF PRINCE FELIX SCHWARZENBERG

A VERY familiar quotation in German literature is Schiller's characterisation of Wallenstein: "His image wavers in history, distorted by hatred and favour." The Austrian Monarchy was richer in such images than any other country. Discretion in this Empire was exaggerated. Statesmen died there without leaving memoirs, families were reluctant to publish posthumous notes and correspondence, and then only after much delay; political trials took place behind closed doors, although they were usually conducted fairly, and their files remained buried in the archives.

Austria was an autocracy, albeit a mild one. Statesmen only needed the approval of their monarch or of a small circle close to the throne. Men in disgrace thought it "undignified" to appeal to the public. Such an excess of discretion had evil effects. Austria's enemies spoke before her defenders and by the time witnesses for the Habsburg Crown had begun their evidence from beyond the grave, a one-sided opinion was already common currency, despite unsolved puzzles and unanswered hypotheses.

The final 'if' of the long era of Francis Joseph is still in all our memories: "if Francis Ferdinand had come to the throne . . ." Many people in June 1914 thought that "Imperialism" and military autocracy had been slain with him, others still persevere in saying that with him fell the last hope of equal justice for all the Danubian nations, and of democratic federalisation, and that this harsh soldier was an enlightened reformer and a man of peace. Similar in kind is the initial 'if' of Francis Joseph's era, the two even more diametrically opposed versions of his first *Ministerpräsident* Prince Felix Schwarzenberg. To some people, especially in Hungary, his was a "sinister memory." Others persisted in deploring his early death. Within the stormy upheavals of our own generation, three Austrian historians have found it worth while to enquire into this mystery: Colonel Eduard Heller in 1934, Prince Adolf Schwarzenberg in 1946, and Dr. Rudolf Kiszling in 1952. In particular, the first author succeeded in producing new material and an ingenious new interpretation.

A significant fact increases the puzzle. Francis Joseph, who was very attached to Schwarzenberg's memory, once offered the subject of the Prince's biography to the learned director of the *Hofarchiv*. The offer was declined on the ground that "it would uselessly tear open old wounds, since fortunately healed." Anyone with some knowledge of the psychology of old Austrian officialdom will realise that the offer from "above" counted both as an honour and a command, and the feelings which moved a high official to displease Francis Joseph must have been deep indeed. Schwarzenberg's memory was scarcely defended in public, until the pioneer work of Colonel Heller under the Dollfuss regime undertook an all-round rehabilitation of the Monarchy. In intimate circles it was defended by the Emperor himself, who never forgot that dramatic December day at Olmütz in 1848, when his invalid uncle transferred the Crown to him with Prince Felix Schwarzenberg directing the scene.

"A decadent sybarite delighting in cruelty," a "pervert whose sensuality ended in a nausea which was only relieved by his passion for political intrigue"—such was the picture given of Schwarzenberg as late as 1925 by the Hungarian Alexander Pethö, an otherwise sober historian who in other contexts had the courage to dispel some of his countrymen's favourite prejudices. Even Schwarzenberg's biography in the Hungarian *Révai-Lexikon* reads as if it were composed by a Public Prosecutor rather than by a history don. Yet the Prince had milder judges too. Beust, one of his successors who knew him for years at close quarters, was critical, but argued convincingly that he chose peace in a situation when he could have chosen a victorious war, if he had only been concerned with personal prestige. This proud *grand seigneur's* fault was, he added, that he had "too much contempt for men and too little knowledge of human nature." Hübner, who during the critical winter of 1848/9 was his closest collaborator, professed admiration for his devotion to great interests, his initiative, daring energy and intelligence. He compared him to Bolingbroke, another "modern Alcibiades," a man of pleasure who was at the same time passionately devoted to state affairs. Metternich, usually ironical and even contemptuous of the men who succeeded him, had a high regard for Schwarzenberg, his "pupil" and "discovery," although he once called him "a Palmerston in white uniform"—Palmerston being synonymous with trouble-maker in the Chancellor's vocabulary. Bismarck, on the other hand, adopted this keen enemy of Prussia who had showed his fist at Olmütz, as his model statesman. A popular 'if' concerning the two men was this: if Schwarzenberg had lived another twenty years, would there have been the defeat at Sadowa?

Two incidents in Prince Felix's early missions might have spoiled any diplomat's career. He recovered quickly from both, being of the best possible birth for an Austrian officer and diplomat, and the personal protégé of the Chancellor, who saw exceptional promise in the young man. As a Military Attaché in St. Petersburg in 1825, he was a close friend of the young Russians involved in the December conspiracy. Nothing connected him with them except that they were of the same age and had the same background. He treated their politics with contempt and knew nothing of their secret society. The fact remains that Prince Serge Trubetzkoy sought refuge in extra-territorial Austrian premises

when the December insurrection was suppressed, the Ambassadors, Baroness von Lebzeltern, being his relative and the Military Attaché his best friend. Trubetzkoy was persuaded to leave the building and give himself up to the Czar's Minister of War, but certain suspicions regarding Prince Felix remained in the mind of Nicholas I. Previously Prince Felix had had a better reception at the Russian Court than even the best born young foreigner could expect. He was the nephew of the victor of Leipzig, the supreme Allied Commander of 1813/4, Prince Karl Schwarzenberg, a memory which Czar Nicholas, every inch a soldier, liked to retain.

Metternich was careful to leave Prince Felix in Russia for another year, lest his removal should make it seem that he had been implicated. However, his transfer to Lisbon which followed was a relief. There was plenty to do there in 1827. The crisis between Dom Pedro and Dom Miguel was at its height. Austria was interested in the female succession, Dom Pedro's daughter, the Infanta Maria da Gloria, being the granddaughter of Emperor Francis, but above all Metternich desired to collaborate over the issue with Britain, who had greater interests to defend in Portugal. Metternich always wanted close ties with London, in order to make Austria more independent of her uncomfortable Russian ally, and to keep Britain within the "European concert", against the isolationist tendencies of Canning and the Liberals. Schwarzenberg, although still junior in rank, understood the Chancellor's intentions, so his next post was London.

Here he belonged to the most sumptuous and exuberant Embassy. The richest of the Hungarian magnates, Prince Paul Esterházy, who was Ambassador to George IV, was anxious to outdo everybody in Regency splendour, and despite his fabulous fortune, he soon faced bankruptcy. Under such a chief Prince Felix received no training in frugal and orderly habits. Yet it was a little unusual when one day Lord Ellenborough, Lord Privy Seal and later Secretary for India, cited Prince Felix as correspondent in the divorce case he brought against his wife, Jane Digby, the daughter of the First Sea Lord. If only Lord Ellenborough had been an enemy of Austria and a Canningite! But he was, on the contrary, a friend of Wellington, a member of the most pro-Austrian circle which round about 1830 had its headquarters at Apsley House. Felix's quick removal to Paris was the only course open to Austria, but the lady followed him to his new post and bore him a daughter there. Only the July Revolution which coincided with this episode was able to shift the world's interest to things unconnected with the handsome Austrian Attaché.

Later, Jane Digby married a Greek colonel, who was shot in a duel for her sake by another Greek colonel. She ended her varied career as a desert Queen in Arabia, neither the first nor the last of her race. On her death in 1873, she found many Englishmen who defended her as a woman of great charm and unusual accomplishments. Her relationship with Prince Felix was, it was said, based on a common devotion to classical music. After the painful separation from her, Prince Felix destroyed all his previous notes and correspondence and never again kept a diary. His private life is consequently a mystery which has never been explored. Apparently he never forgot her, but never mentioned her name again.

He remained unmarried until his death, an unmarried sister acting as hostess to him in his later posts, and finally at Ballhaus Palace. Outside politics, music remained his life-long passion; he played the organ in his private chapel and conducted orchestras in a style not far short of professional. Biology was another serious pastime. The myth of his "delight in cruelty" is based on the fact that for some time he followed the lectures of the famous Vienna physiologist, Dr. Hyrtl, and joined the students at autopsies. This may make Prince Felix a "pervert" also. Yet other people say that Goethe, whom he saw during the old poet's holidays at Karlsbad, had an influence over the scientific interests of the young Prince.

The posts which Schwarzenberg occupied in Berlin, Turin and Naples in the last phase of the Metternich era showed what the Aulic Chancellor thought of the capacities of his future successor. Prussia was both an ally and a rival. Great tact was needed in dealing with the independent-minded Frederick William IV and his ambitious Ministers who foreshadowed Bismarck. Still more patience and energy was needed in Piedmont, a resentful and rebellious former satellite, with a King half-prisoner and half an enthusiast of the secret patriotic societies and Ministers like Solaro and La Marmora, who were torn between their pro-Austrian conservative and military leanings, and their Italian ambition. Finally Schwarzenberg had a stormy spring in Naples in 1848, when Italian enthusiasm swept over this capital. In the circumstances he showed courage and dignity. The troubled year brought him back to his original profession of arms. Under Radetzky in Lombardy he was a valiant and efficient Brigadier, wounded in action and beloved by his soldiers, if not a foremost strategist.

He subsequently played a military part also in the suppression of the October insurrection in Vienna. At the temporary seat of the Imperial Court at Olmütz he began shortly afterwards the final and decisive phase of his career; that of a statesman in uniform, the military head of a semi-Parliamentary and semi-bureaucratic government. His first task was to convince Europe that in spite of all difficulties—repeated upheavals in Vienna and Prague, war against Piedmont seconded by popular insurrections in Venice and Lombardy, the war of nationalities and an as yet unsuccessful Imperial military expedition against Hungary—the Habsburg Monarchy was still a reality in the world. He began negotiations with London and Paris, recognising the Italian problem as an interest common to the three great powers: England concerned for the Mediterranean, France and Austria for their Alpine frontiers, where they had no wish to see a new great power as a neighbour; all three concerned for the independence of the Holy See. He was ready to make concessions in Lombardy, provided that the European character of the Italian problem was recognised, and provided that Palmerston's rhetorics on Italian nationality was toned down to more diplomatic language, and that he refrained from insulting Austria as an "oppressor."

He further saw the need to proclaim that the Habsburg States were an independent European entity. This was necessary in view of the pretensions of the Frankfurt Assembly, dominated by the Prussian party, while Austria's relation to the Confederation was still undefined. Though

temperamentally more inclined to autocracy than to constitutional principles, Schwarzenberg decided to support Parliament in the Austrian States and opposed any attempt at reaction. Only elected deputies were in a position to say that Austria was a German power, but at the same time a European one, responsible for non-German populations. The Czech leader Palacky was instrumental in this and rendered him great services by working out a democratic federal constitution. An Imperial proclamation confirming its principles appeared on 4th March 1849, counter-signed by Schwarzenberg. Although this document was directed against the Frankfurt Assembly rather than against the autonomy of Hungary, where Kossuth was in control, ignoring the Royal decree dissolving the Hungarian Parliament and resisting the Imperial forces under Field-Marshal Windischgraez, the effect was to stiffen resistance and to hasten the fatal step, disapproved by the insurgent army leaders and even by friends of Kossuth, of the dethronement act of Debreczen on 14th April. Hungarian conservative leaders, loyal to the dynasty and hostile to Kossuth, had advised Schwarzenberg to include in the declaration a special passage on Hungary, a request also made by the Field-Marshal. He replied that Hungary by her own wish was not represented in the Parliament which voted the Constitution, and that during the state of siege the Field Marshal alone had competence in Hungary, while he was Prime Minister in the other dominions.

Schwarzenberg was more indifferent than hostile to Hungary. For him the insurrection meant nothing more than an obstacle to his anti-Prussian action at Frankfurt and his negotiations with the Western powers for a compromise over Italy. The Hungarian war weakened Austria in the face of her European and German opponents and partners. For this motive and no other he advocated its quick and energetic termination, against the advice of Field Marshal Windischgraez, his brother-in-law, who wished to win over moderate Hungarians by restricting Austrian war-aims to "the restoration of the legal order," meaning national autonomy such as it had existed before 1848. Thus, if Schwarzenberg was not responsible for Haynau's brutal reprisals, he certainly advised the fatal step of his appointment with such extensive powers that even the young Emperor lost control over the Court Martials; and he also advised, after considerable reluctance, the acceptance of Russian auxiliary troops. Thinking only in terms of Europe, he forgot that Francis Joseph would not be able to rule Hungary permanently as a conqueror, when his whole case was based on legitimate inheritance; nor did he realise that Haynau would rule in such a way that reconciliation with Hungary would be delayed by many years, and obtained only at a much greater price by Austria than moderate Hungarians would have asked for after Kossuth's fall.

Schwarzenberg was in too much of a hurry over Hungary. He had a "*grand dessein*" in his head, which was not fully disclosed to his contemporaries, but which has been revealed since. He saw that Anglo-French relations were growing closer. Like Metternich he felt the discomfort that resulted from the ties with Russia. He felt that a united Germany, excluding Austria, would restrict her economic *Raum*, and he saw venomous national conflicts between Germans and non-Germans, if Germany became a great power and the others remained scattered

nationalities. So he prepared a "Central Union" of seventy millions, governed by a Federal Council of thirty-eight non-Germans and thirty-three Germans. Minor German statesmen, Beust in Saxony and von der Pfordten in Bavaria, knew of the plan, the detailed elaboration of which was due to Bruck, Schwarzenberg's Minister and founder of the *Lloyd Triestino* company for trade and navigation. Schwarzenberg counted on strengthening the non-German element later by Italians and Rumanians, in case the thirty-three millions of Germans increased, or the non-German majority of 1850 decreased. Only the certainty that non-German interests in the Central Union would not support nationalism on the Rhine and in Holstein could in his view reassure France and England. In these conditions Russia, the Centre and the West would have been equalised as three powers of the same strength. This "*grand dessein*" was more grandiose than Cavour's and Bismarck's ideas which took its place. Exploratory talks begun with Louis Napoleon after the *coup d'état*, when Prince Felix's bad health imposed on him a cure which was of no avail. He collapsed suddenly and died of heart failure in his official lodgings on 5th April 1852, at the age of fifty-one.

The smaller the social set directing politics, the more intense are the hatreds. Women have much to do with such hatreds, inclined as they are to attribute politics to emotional motives. Passionate Magyar beauties believed that Schwarzenberg was Hungary's enemy and saw the persecuted Hungarians as victims of this feud. Worst of all, serious Hungarian authors did not scruple to say that his early death was "due to the excesses of his life." The truth is that a few years before he died he contracted paratyphoid fever at Naples, and never recovered from its effects, war strain and over-work for many years further weakening him. His hair went prematurely grey and in the last weeks of his life failing eyesight filled him with worry and made him irritable. A great political and personal secret went with him to the grave. When some reparation was made to his memory, the world that he knew was no more. His grave now lies in a Czechoslovak "People's Republic" which has no more affinity with the Kingdom of St. Wenceslas, the land of his ancestors, than with the Empire of the Habsburgs, which he served with talent and devotion, if not always in the happiest way.

BÉLA MENCZER.

HOUSE AND GARDEN THROUGH THE AGES

THE Fanfare sounds, and in the words of the Book of Proverbs, the housewife is extolled for all time:—

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies
 . . . She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her
 household . . . with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard
 . . . she maketh herself coverings of tapestry."

Theocritus, however, in one of his idylls, strikes a very modern note. It is 280 B.C. Two Syracusan women are staying at Alexandria and have agreed to go together to the Palace of King Ptolemy Philadelphus to see the statue of Adonis. A celebrated performer is to recite a hymn over the image. Gorgo comes by appointment to Praxinoë's house to fetch her—

Praxinoe: "My dear Gorgo, at last! Yes, here I am. Eunoe, find a chair, get a cushion for it.

Gorgo: It will do beautifully as it is.

Praxinoe: Do sit down.

Gorgo: I hear the Queen's decorations are something splendid.

Praxinoe: In grand people's houses everything is grand. What things you have seen in Alexandria! . . . Eunoe, pick up your work, and take care, lazy girl, how you leave it lying about again; the cats find it just the bed they like . . . Now we'll start. . . .

Gorgo: Look, Praxinoe, what a squeeze at the Palace gates . . . come this way. Do but look at that work, how delicate it is! — how exquisite! . . .

Praxinoe: Heavenly patroness of needlewomen, what hands were hired to do this work? Who designed these beautiful patterns? They seem to stand up and move about as if they were real; as if they were living things, and not needlework."

Some three hundred years roll on and we travel from the East, through the Mediterranean to Italy, where Virgil is writing, in his retirement. He has his books around him. His bees, his farm and his garden occupy much of his time. He shows us clearly where his preference lies:

"O happy husbandman! . . . What though no stately mansion with proud portals disgorges at dawn from it halls a tide of visitors, though they never gaze at doors inlaid with lovely tortoise-shell or at raiment tricked with gold or at bronzes of Ephyra, though their white wool be not stained with Assyrian dye or with clear oil's service spoiled by cassis? Yet their's is repose without care and a life that knows no fraud, but is rich in treasures manifold . . . But as for me . . . let my delight be the country, and the running streams amid the dells. . . .

Over in Britain our conquered forefathers are confronted with new-fangled Roman methods of building and plumbing and heating. Perhaps their clumsy fingers at first refused to fit the brightly coloured pieces into the tessellated pavements. Dimly we wander through the early dawn of the Christian Era. Venerable Bede dictates his last words to Cuthbert, his beloved pupil. King Alfred, in his wisdom sets up the Domesday Book. Caedmon, at Whitby, sees his precious vision.

Now, through Europe, we tread the path of the wandering scholars. Here is Walafrid Strabo, in the front rank of ninth century clerics and famed for his "Gloss on Holy Writ." How lovable he appears to us, when for a while he forgets his theological dissertations and pauses to tell us how his garden at Reichenau was made of herbs and sweet flowers, how he "did dig and sow it with his own hands," how he overcame the nettles and weeds and how gently he watered his tiny crop of seeds. At almost the same time, Sedulius, another eminent scholar, comes to the évêché at Liège and airs his grievances—material ones. The coverings and embroideries of the house are exquisite, he writes, but the rooms are dark, there is no key, and what is worse, there are abominable draughts.

We shall let the Bayeux Tapestries bridge the intervening years for us and lead us back to England in the reign of Edward IV. John Paston is in London, fighting to establish his claim to his Norfolk lands. Margaret

his wife, holds the reins at home. The times are beset with trouble and it behoves her to fill the rôle of mother, house-keeper, man-of-business and steward. In December, 1461, she writes:

"To my right worchepfull husbond, John Paston.

Right worchepfull husbond, I recommaund me to you. . . .

If ye be at home this Cristmes, it were wele do ye shuld do purvey a garnyssh or tweyn of powter vesshel, ij basanes, and ij hewers and xij candlestikes, for ye have to few of any of thes to serve this place. I am aferd to purvey mych stuffe in this place till we be suerrer thereof. The Blissid Trinyte have you in His blissid Kepyng.

Wretyn the Thursday next after Sent Andrew be Your
M.P."

We never hear the sequel to this, although we would like to picture the lord and master arriving to gladden his good wife's heart with his presence, and bearing with him the pewter to replenish her ill-stocked shelves.

The dynamic personality of an Italian craftsman of the finest order sweeps across the pages of history. Far removed is the sober Norfolk country house from the brilliant sixteenth century setting where Benvenuto Cellini strides his audacious way. Always engaging, in spite of and because of his roguery, he lets us into the secret of the remarkable salt-cellar which he made for Francis I of France.

"His Majesty immediately began to talk to me, saying that since he had so beautiful a cup and basin of my making, he must have a handsome salt-cellar to accompany such fine things: that he wanted me to draw a design of one, and the sooner the better. I answered that his majesty should see such a design much sooner than he expected: for that whilest I was employed about the basin and the cup, I thought a salt-cellar would be a necessary companion to them, and therefore had already made one which I would show to his majesty in a few moments. . . . I went for it and soon returned, for I had nothing to do but to cross the Seine: I brought with me a model of wax, which I had made at Rome at the request of the Cardinal of Ferrara. . . ."

We can almost hear him chuckling over his knavery.

Meanwhile, in England, Hans Holbein is painting a picture of Sir Thomas More with his children in the old mansion by the Thames at Chelsea. William Roper, his son-in-law, has told us:

". . . and because he was desirous for godly purposes some time to be solitary, and sequester himself from wordly company; a good distance from his mansion house builded he a place, called the new building, wherein was a chapel, a library, and a gallery, in which as was his use upon other days to occupy himself in prayer and study together, so on the Fridays there usually continued he from morning unto evening, spending his time duly in devout prayer and spiritual exercises."

With the Renaissance and the growth of the New Learning, people are becoming more and more conscious of their own individuality, and more and more eager to express themselves. This self-expression is nowhere more manifest than in the homes and gardens they began to build for their

families. Grave and scholarly Sir Francis Bacon includes amongst his philosophical treatises an essay "On gardens." In it, he has planned a garden which has withstood the test of time and which is as perfect a model now, as it was four hundred years ago.

For a very human touch we turn to a letter dated January 1653/4. The writer is Dorothy Osborne, a well-born and brilliant woman whose correspondence, during the phase of a chequered and protracted courtship, has been preserved for us. Her lover, William Temple, was a statesman and patriot of outstanding ability and honesty. They have seen their dream house whilst on a visit to the Channel Islands:

"Do you remember Arme and the little house there? Shall wee goe thither? that's next to being out of the worlde, there wee might live like Baucis and Philemon, grow old together in our little cottage and for our charrity to some ship-wrakt stranger obtaine the blessing of dyeing both at the same time."

How many despondent young women could be writing the same words in these depressing days of house-hunting!

Buoyant Mr. Samuel Pepys, in his blue coat with its shining buttons, brings his refreshing and lively contribution. London has not yet known Plague or Fire.

July 22nd 1661

"Up by three, and going by four on my way to London . . . so by degrees, till I come to Hatfield before twelve o'clock, and walked all alone to the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again; and coming back I met Mr. Looker, my Lord's gardener . . . who showed me the house, the chappel with brave pictures, and above all the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life; nor so good flowers, nor so great gooseburys, as big as nutmegs. Back to the inne and so to horse again, and with much ado got to London."

More than a hundred years have passed, and in France, the splendour of the Sun-King is eclipsed by the horrors of the Revolution. The Guillotine has taken its toll of the aristocracy. The fortunate few have escaped—some to England—and amongst them Fanny Burney's husband, M. d'Arblay. Fanny is writing from Bookham to her father, in March 1794. She is, of course, no longer in attendance on the Queen at the Court of George III. M. d'Arblay is beginning to realise that, as a foreigner in this country, he had better wholly retire and "cultiver son jardin."

"Our garden, therefore," she writes, "is not yet quite the most profitable thing in the world; but M. d'A. assures me it is to be the staff of our table and existence . . . with great labour, he cleared a considerable compartment of weeds, and when it looked clear and well, and he showed his work to the gardener, the man said he had demolished an asparagus bed! . . . His greatest passion is for transplanting. Everything we possess he moves from one end of the garden to another, to produce better effects. Roses take place of jessamines, jessamines of honeysuckles, and honeysuckles of lilacs, till they have all danced round as far as space allows: but whether the effect may not be a general mortality, summer alone can determine."

The great cities and the battlefields of Europe have been torn with the shock of furious events. In the quietude of Provence a young girl, Eugénie de Guérin is writing her Journal. It has been called "perhaps the most delicately spiritual work the world has ever seen." This extract shows, however, that the unworldiest of natures can be intensely conscious of material surroundings:

June 9th 1837

"A day spent in putting out a washing to dry leaves little to tell. Yet there is something pretty in spreading white linen on the grass, or seeing it fluttering on ropes. One is, if one likes, the Nausicaa of Homer, or one of the princesses of the Bible who washed their brothers' tunics. We have a washing house . . . fairly large and full of water. Our Le Cayla is much changed and changes every day. You will no more see the white dove-cot at the side, nor the little door on the terrace, nor the corridor and the window where we used to measure our height when we were little. All that has vanished and given place to great windows and great rooms. These new things are prettier but why is it that I regret the old ones and replace in my heart the gates that are taken away and the stones that are fallen?"

We find now another journal, that of Marie Bashkirtseff who left Russia, where she was born, at the age of ten. This record was begun in Nice when she was twelve and it ends eleven days before her death in 1884. She was then only twenty-three years old. In the preface, which Marie writes herself, she says:

"Should I not live long enough to become famous, this Journal will be of interest to naturalists, for the life of a woman must always be curious told thus day by day."

Her chief painting now hangs in the Luxembourg along with the masterpieces of Modern French Art. That should be fame enough.

Tuesday, November 24th 1879, Paris.

"The studio at No. 37 is hired and nearly furnished. I have spent the day there; it is very large, with grey walls. I have brought to it two bad Gobelins which hide the lower part of the wall, a Persian carpet, some Chinese mats, a large square Algerian cushion, a stand for the models, beautiful draperies, large satinette curtains of soft but warm colour. Many casts: The Venuses of Milo, of Medicis, and Nimes, the Apollo, the Fawn of Naples: an ecorche, some bas-reliefs, etc: a coat stand, a fountain, a mirror worth four francs twenty-five centimes, a clock worth thirty-two francs, a chair, a stove, an oak-table with a drawer and the top arranged as a colour box: a complete tea-set, an inkstand and a pen, a pail, a can, a quantity of canvases, some caricatures, some studios and sketches. Tomorrow I will stick up several drawings on show."

Such feeble health, so much at stake, so many worlds to conquer—and, in spite of all this, the furnishing of her room is a matter of the utmost importance!

Today Sir Osbert Sitwell writes his autobiography, and Gosden and Renishaw, the scenes of his childhood are so well remembered that they become almost a part of our own past—the North Bow Room, Lady

Ida's Room, the Duke's Dressing Room, the Indian Room. . . .

Rows of pre-fabricated bungalows rise before our eyes: reality is closing in on us, and with a sigh we recall an extract from an early Christ Church manuscript. It describes a loyal subject's attempt to give fit entertainment for his earthly king:

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright
That without tapers they may give a light.
Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
the dazie o'er the head,
The cushions on the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven. . . .
We entertain him always like a stranger
And, as at first, still lodge him in a manger."

BERYL GASTER.

WHALES

AFTER half a century we now realise that there are not as many whales left in the sea as we are taking out. In fact whales are in sight of extermination. For this reason the International Whaling Commission is sensibly making further restrictions on the killing of whales, and in the coming "fishing" season 500 fewer whales are to be killed in the Arctic and Antarctic fields, which will bring the number down to approximately 15,000. The season is also to be shortened and every whaler will have to send in a daily wireless report on its kills. When the total of whales has been reached, operations will come to an end even though the specified season has not run out. But we have to go far further back than the last 50 years to appreciate the colourful picture of whaling and to follow its progress over the Seven Seas. Whaling is as old as navigation itself—for a thousand years men have hunted these monsters of the deep. But in the old days whales were pursued for none other than the glory of vanquishing the greatest creature in the world. In small rowing boats or in sailing "shallops," armed only with a harpoon, the whaler crews went forth to kill, and more often than not they met with tragic and untimely deaths. Whaling in itself is a saga of the seas about which much has been written, and epic stories of the courage of whaling crews will always be passed down in seafaring history as examples of unequalled intrepidity. It was traditional that the harpoon line should never be cut and Whaler crews hunting the now rare Greenland Whales would jump into the frozen ice packed waters rather than sever themselves from their quarry. The whaling boat was towed on under the pack ice and acted as a brake on the whale as it dived beneath. Often after it was forced by sheer exhaustion to surface and give itself up. In these not so far distant days the harpooning

was all done by hand, the captain of the whaler balancing precariously in the bows of the boat and thrusting the barbed lance into the whale at arm's length. There are authentic cases of the harpooner actually jumping on to the whale's back to make quite certain of his quarry.

Whales are of course mammals—warm-blooded animals that suckle their young, and though they live entirely in the sea there is no doubt that they have been derived in evolution from land going animals. The fore flukes, which aid the whale in swimming, have been skilfully adapted from arms, and on the skeleton there are "buds" or shortened extremities showing where legs were once joined to the body. Though now a sea-going animal, the whale has to surface in order to breathe, and all the time it is under water, varying from a few minutes to half an hour, it is virtually compelled to hold its breath. In view of this fact it is strange that a whale stranded high and dry very soon expires. Whales are divided into two groups, the whale bone whales and the toothed whales. Of the whale-bone whales only the Rorquals and Humpbacks are now hunted, the Antarctic season starting in January when the whales migrate southwards. The best known of the toothed whales is the Sperm whale, but this species is not as important as it was in bygone days, and the Sperm whale season only extends over two months as a "try out" before the Rorqual "fishing" starts. It is the bad-tempered Sperm whale, however, that supplies spermaceti from a strange reservoir situated in its head and it is this whale also that gives us ambergris. Ambergris, once so valued in the perfumery industry, has largely been substituted with cheaper chemicals more easily obtained.

The breathing of the whale bone whales, the most important species from the point of view of modern commerce and whaling, is of unique interest. These whales have either one or two nostrils or blow-holes situated in the top of the head, and from these a passage by-passes the throat and leads directly to the lungs. When the monster dives, the "hatch" is closed by a contraction of the muscles around it. When the whale requires a fresh air supply, the vertical tail flukes come into action, quickly raising the huge bulk of 100 tons weight. And on surfacing the whale "blows off steam." "There she blows!" is a cry that has echoed down through the ages of whaling. As every species of whale has its own method of blowing, and the duration and height of the spout varies, it is possible for the look-out in the crow's nest to tell what species of whale is in the vicinity and to make a calculation as to where and when it will blow again.

The method of feeding of the whalebone whales, which comprise the biggest and heaviest of the whale family, is as marvellous as their breathing. Having no teeth, they are quite unable to deal with big prey that they might otherwise so easily crush and eat. It seems almost ludicrous that these creatures, reaching up to 100 feet in length, are only able to eat the very smallest fish such as brit—known to whalers as "krill." Whalebone whales are equipped with two grids of baleen or whalebone, which hang down from either side of the top jaw and fold inwards when the whale's mouth is shut. Some of the bars making up these grids reach 16 feet in length. The whale opens its mouth "grazing" or "swaling" in the sea where krill is plentiful, and the rush of sea water into the open mouth carries the fish through the grids. The water is then forced out of the mouth by the

whale's tongue and fish are left stranded, to be sucked down into the belly. A duck in a pond feeds in much the same way. In the light of this knowledge it would have been impossible for Jonah to have been swallowed by a whalebone whale, for the actual throat entrance is so small that a man would have difficulty in thrusting his arm down.

As with so many other of man's activities, whaling in the present age has lost much of its excitement and romance. Scientific inventions have taken over and the element of personal risk is far less. Once "the fish" is located, and found to be of a suitable species and maturity, it is a almost certain kill. The hand harpoon or lance is a weapon of the past and so is the small hand-manned whaling boat. The modern trawler-like whaler, a craft of 500 gross tons and capable of a speed of 17 knots, is equipped with a high velocity harpoon cannon. These whalers operate in small fleets from a "mother" or factory ship moored conveniently in the centre of the whaling field. These factory ships of 17,000 tons, and with a tank capacity of 20,000 tons, are capable of "flensing" and processing whales at the incredible rate of one fully grown whale an hour. The blubber of the whale, a supply of cold insulating fat and the whale's "Camel's hump" food reserve, is cut up into chunks in the ship's stern and passed down into the melting tanks carried on the lower deck. One really big whale may yield 90 barrels of oil. Nothing of the whale is now wasted. Beside the valuable oil used in margarine and nitro-glycerine, lard, soap substitutes and industrial greases, whales supply us with whale-meat for human consumption, meat and bone meal and liver extracts. Many medicinal and chemical by-products are made from the heart, tongue and various glands. The modern factory ship after a good Antarctic season may well steam into port with a cargo worth £3 million, and a harpoon gunner can earn up to £4,000 a trip given "fisherman's luck."

It is now no longer necessary to see the "blow" of a whale, for the whaler of to-day has an echo-location device that records the movements of a whale below the surface, and some factory ships carry spotter aircraft. Recently it has been thought that whales possess some kind of echo-location device of their own, and by the use of it they are able to take evasive action when a whaler approaches. One of the very latest scientific inventions is an automatic winding reel which "plays" the whale, letting out the nylon cable and winding it in so that there is always tension on the quarry whatever its acrobatic manoeuvres—whether it "lobtails," "pitch-poles," bores inwards towards the whaler or "sounds." In the sea whales have only one natural enemy—the grampus or killer-whale, the most fearsome of living creatures. The killer-whales, which hunt in packs and harry the far bigger and slower species, are capable of swallowing a shark and can with one bite sever an elephant seal in half. But never-the-less Lilliputian man is the greatest enemy of the whales that carry cargoes of "liquid gold." If whaling is to go on successfully, a balance must be reached between the whales killed and those left to breed. If too few whales are killed, whaling with its enormous capital outlay becomes uneconomical, and if too many reach the factory ships daily, there will be too few to hunt. By shooting metal cylinders into the hides of whales at sea and marking them, we are now learning a great deal about their migrations and breeding habits in the seas of the world, but we have

much yet to discover. The "Moby Dick" and *Le Cachalot* of by-gone days is still the most mighty creature of creation. It has certainly set us a "whale of a problem" to solve.

R. H. FERRY.

ST. DAVID OF WALES

ONCE during the last war when so many thousands of our men were held prisoners by the Japanese a post-card from one of the camps reached relatives in Wales. When they read one sentence, "Choir practising for March 1," they knew all was well. For that is St. David's Day, when that great and good man who brought Christianity to the Welsh people in the sixth century is remembered all over the country with love and devotion, and in his remembrance all Welsh children hold holiday. The lovely little cathedral that bears his name is built at the extreme and westernmost edge of Wales, at the point where the coast of Pembrokeshire juts out into a sea made brilliant by the declining sun. Although this was begun as long ago as 1180 it is at least the fourth cathedral on the site. Few realise it is the centre of the oldest see in Britain, one that has had twenty-two bishops more than Canterbury; nine more than London even. Seven centuries back, in 1248, a strong earthquake caused considerable damage; and evidence can also be seen of neglect and even ruin in three later centuries during which the church had no roof and was windowless. The past hundred years has been a period of slow restitution, but the rescued cathedral stands on marshy ground, half-hidden in the Vale of Roses, and subsidence is a constant worry.

All his life St. David served the people of Wales with unfailing devotion, and that eminent scholar and churchman, Giraldus Cambrensis (he was himself twice elected by the Chapter to the Bishopric of St. David's, but Henry II refused to permit him to accept the appointment) terms him: "A mirror and pattern to all, instructing both by word and example, excellent in his preaching, but still more so in his works. He was a doctrine to all, a guide to the religious, a life to the poor, a support to orphans, a protection to widows, a father to the fatherless, a rule to monks, and a model to teachers; becoming all to all, that so he might gain all to God." It is believed that St. David was born about the year 500, and he lived to a very great age, perhaps 100 years. He came of good family, and was the son of Prince Sandde and Princess Non, who ranks as a Cymric Saint. He may have been the uncle of the famous King Arthur. When quite young he came under the influence of Bishop Dubricus. This man had been consecrated by Bishop Germanus, a highly educated man, a lawyer, and a duke of a wide province of France (Gaul), who had been sent to Britain to preach. He and his companion, Bishop Lupus, preached every day, not only in churches, but in the fields and open country, wherever there were people to listen. At first Bishop Dubricus lived at Llandaff, South Wales, where there is still a bishop, and afterwards he became a hermit in North Wales. Like his teacher he proclaimed the Gospel in the open air, sometimes to a thousand people at once. Dewi, or David as we would call him today, was converted, and

soon became prominent in the councils of the Christian Church, presiding at synods. He was tireless in his activities, and worked as a missionary among his countrymen, penetrating into the then remote and wild valleys of Cambria. St. David founded no fewer than twelve monasteries into which he gathered young Welshmen, training them to be preachers of the Gospel and workers for Christ all over their native land. He had received his early education at Ty Dewi (meaning "David's House"), answering to the present St. David's, which was a seminary of learning and nursery of saints. Close by, years later, he founded one of his monasteries in the Vale of Rhos.

The discipline which St. David enjoined in his monastic retreats is recorded as having been of the most rigorous nature. "Work and pray" appears to have been his motto. Wood had to be sawn, ground tilled fields ploughed, and he insisted upon all this being done without the aid of oxen to draw the ploughs or carry the wood. When the monks were not at work outdoors they had to pray, read, or write, and if the bell rang for service in church they had to obey instantly—stopping everything, even if they were in the middle of a word. They might wear only the very roughest clothes, eat bread flavoured with a little salt, and drink water mixed with milk. At some time during his lifetime St. David is reputed to have made the long and then difficult journey to Jerusalem. On his return, at the Synod of Brevy, St. David's old master, Dubricus, Archbishop of Caerleon and consequently Primate of Wales, resigned his see to the younger man. At some date unknown St. David moved the seat of ecclesiastical government from Caerleon to the remote headland then called Menevia or Mynyw, and this under the name of St. David's is still the cathedral city of the western see.

Some have said that this is a most impractical situation for a cathedral. Perhaps it is. Before the reorganization of the Welsh Church the diocese of St. David's stretched from end to end of South Wales, and there were not wanting reformers who proposed to establish the cathedral in a more central position. But St. David himself had chosen the place, and it was surpassingly beautiful. Sentiment prevailed over practicality; and even the impractical has a practical value when it appeals to the hearts and imaginations of men as St. David's has always done. During his lifetime St. David founded numerous churches in South Wales, and today over 50 still recall his name. The saint was buried in the cathedral, and a monument was erected to his memory. During the Middle Ages the Presbytery windows were blocked up to give the Chapel of Holy Trinity a solid west wall. A casket which occupies a niche in this wall contains what may be the actual bones of St. David. The shrine became a notable place of pilgrimage, and it was deemed that two journeys to St. David's counted for as much as one to Rome, and three journeys were equal to one to Jerusalem. Certainly those far-off days a journey to the wild west of Wales was no light undertaking.

Many fabulous stories grew around the name of St. David and, to this day fascinating tales are told of his miraculous powers of healing. It is said that as a child an angel was in constant attendance upon him, and that later in life a dove sat on his shoulder all the time he was preaching. This is how he has often been represented in art. And upon another occasion,

a story runs, a hill suddenly rose out of the plain so that he could use it as an enormous pulpit. One of the most famous of the stories comes from Ireland, and although only a legend it does illustrate the piety and faith which the people of the time believed characterised the saint. The story goes that about Easter time one year a certain St. Aeddan was praying in an Irish monastery when an angel appeared to him, and said: "Tomorrow at meal time poison will be placed before St. David. Therefore, send one of your servants to warn him of this." St. Aeddan was astonished, and said it would be impossible for him to cross the Channel that night as he had no ship, and that even if he had one the wind was not right for sailing. But the angel replied: "Let the disciple Scutinus hasten to the sea shore, and I will bear him over the water." Scutinus—who, according to an historian was to be none other than St. Swithun, Bishop of Winchester—did as he was told and walked into the sea until the water touched his knees. At which moment a great sea creature arose out of the waters and carried him across the Channel. He arrived safely at the monastery at St. David's, and told the saint of all the things that were being plotted against him. After grace at the meal the next day the minister who attended the leader brought in and placed on the table the bread prepared with the poison. St. David took up the bread and broke it into three pieces. One part he gave to a little dog which was by the door, and according to the chronicler, immediately the animal tasted the food it died "a wretched death," for its hair became loose and its skin cracked. The saint threw the second piece to a raven which was in a tree close by, and as soon as the bird touched the bread with its beak, it fell dead. The third part St. David held in his hand and blessed it; and then he ate it, while giving thanks to God. It is recorded that "he preserved his life intact" without a sign that the poison was taking effect; and all the brethren gazed at him in astonishment and wonder for "three hours."

The little town of St. David's—perhaps "village city" is a truer description because its population is only about 1,500—is locally known as "the city," and it is still soaked in memories of the great saint. It consists of only five streets focussing on the square, called Cross Keys, the ancient market place still possessing its market cross. As has been mentioned, throughout the Middle Ages the cathedral was a centre of pilgrimage and the medieval roads can be traced across Pembrokeshire focussing on St. David's. They are often marked by sacred wells. In the pre-Christian era there was an important trading route from Ireland to the Mediterranean, and not infrequently the little boats were driven hither and thither at the mercy of wind and tide, and as it lay on the route the coastland of St. David's head became dotted with alternative landing places. This pre-Christian tradition was continued by the Celtic saints who moved between Wales and Ireland, and later there was much traffic from the headland to the notable shrine of St. Iago da Compostella in north-west Spain. The little landing places on the shore now had their Christian chapels, where prayers were offered for safe voyagings, and it was behind these, in the quiet sheltered, well-watered valley of the Alun that the lovely cathedral of SS. David and Andrew was built. Like the pilgrims of old, those who visit it once will want often to go again.

JAMES E. CARVER

PROCESSIONAL

*Now homeward troop the children
With torches of silver catkin,
But their joy is sharp of focus,
Not thought-suffused like mine
That hardly sees them for dazzle
Of past triumphant branches
And auras of phantom faces
In bygone Lenten shine—*

*I hardly see them for dazzle
Of unborn willow-bearers
In ageless ceremonial
Trooping the same brief road
From mystery to mystery,
From the woodland womb of darkness
To home and sleep's oblivion
Of the once-entrancing load.*

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.



ROCK DAFFODILS

*Not till I saw rock daffodils
Diminutive, in spurred and fluted gold,
Did these eyes magnify God's holy hills;
Was all my joy in Easter told.*

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ENGLISH RADICALISM

Storm and stress, those romantic terms, best describe the political and economic turmoil covered in this fifth and last volume of Dr. Maccoby's monumental series. The industrial revolution had been at work for some time at the moment when the period opens; on its effects was now superimposed the effect of the French Revolution. The war against Napoleon became a war against reform. "We are in a war of a *peculiar* nature" Burke wrote. "We are at war with a system which, by its essence, is inimical to all other Governments. . . . It is with an *armed doctrine* that we are at war." The similarity with the attitude towards the Russian Revolution taken up by the enemies of reform rather more than a century later is obvious. The case against the reform of abuses became strengthened when it became possible to brand the agitators for reform with the revolutionary stigma.

So far as the lower orders, the manufacturing classes in the terminology of the day, were concerned, the hard times left by the war and the distortions being introduced by the industrial revolution were intensified by unemployment. The distress in places like Jarrow in the course of the depression twenty-five years ago was anticipated in the Black Country of the 1820's. In the Black Country "large numbers, very prosperous during the war, were completely without employment and almost equally without hope of adequate parish relief, since they themselves formed the major part of the affected parishes' population." And so, by a natural transition, to outrages like that of Peterloo. The tale has often been told before. But Dr. Maccoby's detailed treatment and use of contemporary sources give it a special vividness, which is throughout characteristic of his work.

It was an age of pamphleteering, broadsheets and demagogues—naturally, since in a period when reading was a relatively rare accomplishment, ideas had to be conveyed in a form allowing one speaker or interpreter to pass them on to the multitude. Partly the radical movement drew its inspiration from the French Revolution, and so, at several removes, from a Latin rationalism; there is some significance in the fact that Paine called his work the Age of Reason. But inevitably the whole reforming movement very rapidly took on a purely English flavour. In terms of letters and art the period called for a Dickens and a Cruickshank. A turbulent period; picturesque if one looks at history as a series of episodes in a cavalcade, otherwise melancholy. Government (perhaps because it had exceptionally favoured and therefore frightened interests to defend) became pretty unscrupulous: the suspension of *habeas corpus*, the Six Acts, the employment of police spies and *agents provocateurs* (of whom we are given some interesting glimpses), were weapons in its armoury. Shelley's indictment of Castlereagh has more substance than some superior persons would like to allow it.

The popular dissatisfaction was sharpened by the contrast between misery on the one side and enormous riches and privileges on the other—from the King downward. And it is strange to see this essentially popular movement advancing towards reform in the shape of the Act of 1832, a measure the chief aim of which was to give power to a new class (if the terminology of Marx may be adopted) of exploiters. Yet the way of the reformers (whose religiously tinged humanitarianism was an essential part of the scene) was in a sense made easier: the conservative reformers could work towards an improvement of the industrial workers' lot without injuring, at least directly, the agricultural interest. But this development lies outside the present volume, which would be of an almost unalleviated black but for the proof it contains that the nineteenth, like the eighteenth century, had its village (or at any rate its urban) Hampdens.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

PAST AND PRESENT

In this scientific age history presents many faces and assumes innumerable shapes in which the depths of universal and general history overshadow and necessarily influence the ideas of the specialist and the writer of technical history. Professor Butterfield is one who is drawn to the deeps rather than the shallows of historical scholarship, and these lectures delivered at the Queen's University of Belfast are directed toward a broad understanding of the modern historical movement which began to generate its critical power at Göttingen University about 1760. Beginning with a consideration of the scope, methods and significance of historiography he traces the rise of the influential German school which was to be of such importance for future studies. Two great figures who faced historical problems in a philosophical way were Lord Acton and Ranke. Professor Butterfield says that at first neither Acton nor his teacher, Döllinger, were scientific historians of the modern kind. Acton, however, was an omnivorous reader who absorbed much and reflected much; and when writing on such a subject as Mary Queen of Scots he saw her depicted in terms of all the available scholarship. He felt that the history of history was important because of the need to look behind the minds of historians. He affirmed that it was the office of historical science "to maintain morality as the sole impartial criterion of men and things." Ranke and Acton both laid emphasis on the principle of historical thinking; and Ranke himself was interested not so much in ideas as in facts. He studied diplomatic documents and the archives of nations and formed an idea of the unity that had once been regarded as 'Christendom.' Although he desired to rescue history from the hands of the general thinkers or *philosophes*, he was conscious of the fact that the mind of man functioned at various levels. He shared with Acton a passionate concern for religious values and was not caught up in the snare of mere technicality. Professor Butterfield points out that the study of historiography enables us to keep the technical historian in his place. Technical issues are important for us and the technical historian has gained considerable importance; but technical issues are not momentous in the timeless sense. No artifice can ignore the fact that history which is relevant and meaningful must take account of the sublimer realms where the highest powers and insights of man are engaged. Two sections demonstrate how the history of historiography relates to certain themes, such as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and there are seven useful appendices. This study demonstrates the need for a continuous discipline in the study of history so that it shall be at once scientific and yet not devoid of intuition.

E. W. MARTIN.

Man on His Past: The Study of the History of Historical Scholarship. By Herbert Butterfield. Cambridge University Press. 22s. 6d.

HEIRS OF OVID

In the childhood of mankind the minstrel recited tales of wonder. Gods and heroes mingled. They took one another's shape, shared mortal loves and hates with immortal companions, boasted of high deeds, descended to low deeds, betrayed, pursued and destroyed one another, carried their revenge beyond the grave. The true fairy-story begins with no beginning, varies its scenery and its characters, knows no boundary between fact and fiction, between that which has happened and that which might happen, is yet true to untruth and consistent with age-long inconsistency.

As developed in the Homeric epic, myth mingles with fact in what seem to us daring anachronisms. The lists of ships and allies in the *Iliad* are taken as embalming authentic record; they were no less true to the life of their age than the gods of Olympus. In the golden age of Attic literature these gods still hold their own. Greek fancy, Greek poets and dramatists had elaborated and decorated this mythology for more than three centuries when Cicero, Caesar,

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TO BE PUBLISHED ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY

April 23

C A S S E L L

Octavian and other young Roman patricians went to Athens to complete their education. The doors of the schools were open to the eager minds of a ruder race. Their halls were peopled with ghosts or grammarians.

Rome could not long be content with a secondary literature. The fairy-stories of Hellas could not in themselves appeal to the Roman practical intelligence. But what if a Roman poet could retell them in the Latin tongue? This is what Ovid did in the *Metamorphoses*. The Greek, whom we mispronounce as Eros and place in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, became the Cupid of Ovid and of later art. From him descend the cherubs of Raphael and the baby boys with sprouting wings of English Restoration pulpits. Young and old gods of the Greek Pantheon took new names and forms in Rome. A photograph on the cover of this book from a wall-painting at Pompeii shows Greek fancy in a Roman dress. The stories of Ovid had kindled the imagination of an unknown artist. Before the lava overwhelmed them, this family had had a picture before them every day of a Cupid driving a pair of dolphins in a sea of sunlit innocence.

Professor Wilkinson has brought out the delight of the *Metamorphoses* and its place in western literature; he rightly insists upon it as a work of Ovid's maturity, and his masterpiece. But this is not the whole of Ovid. We read of it here in the setting of his life. Not one word of Latin need we know to enjoy this book. But if we know only enough to follow a translation we can enjoy it more. Here is a sample of a translated line:

tu pugnare potes, pugnandi tempora mecum.

Brawn without brain is yours, forethought is mine.

Rhetoric? Yes, the resounding rhetoric of Ulysses answering Ajax, who had called him coward. Rhetoric is for the mob and the moment. Ajax survives the taunts; Ulysses lives as the lord of lies. . . . This is a book to read, enjoy and keep.

Two new *Loebs* come invitingly. Mr. A. G. Wade has translated, annotated and provided useful maps of Caesar's campaigns in Spain and Africa. This work is no longer attributed to Caesar, as it was in antiquity; but the campaigns were his, they were part of his story, of Imperial and of subsequent history. The Loeb Aristotle includes *De Sophisticis Elenchis*, held to be his earliest contribution to the systematic study of logic; *De Generatione et Corruptione*, a treatise on the coming of life and its passing; and *De Mundo* or the Cosmos. Modern scholars hold that this is not a genuine work of Aristotle, for all its title in antiquity. Aristotle's Cosmos was no dull material conception of "scientists". Need we think ourselves more clever if we can talk about the stratosphere? Listen to the real, or even the pseudo-Aristotle:

By means of a single revolution of the whole heaven completed in a night and a day, the various motions of all the heavenly bodies are initiated, and though all are embraced in one sphere, some move rapidly and others more slowly, according to their distances and their individual characters. For the moon completes its orbit in a month, waxing and waning and disappearing; the sun and those which have an equal course with it complete their course in a year . . . By a single inclination all things are spurred to action and perform their peculiar functions—and this single agent is unseen and invisible. Its invisibility is no impediment either to its own action or to our belief in it. . . . The Invisible has still to be photographed. The Comet has yet to collide with a star. But ancient thought can interrogate modern dogmatism. It may help us sometimes to confront knowledge with wisdom.

W. THOMSON HILL.

Ovid Recalled. By L. P. Wilkinson. Cambridge University Press. 37s. 6d. *Aristotle:* On sophistical relations; On Coming-to-be and Passing-away; On the Cosmos. Trans. E. S. Forster and D. T. Furley. *Caesar:* Alexandrian, African and Spanish Wars. Trans. A. C. Way. Heinemann, Loeb Classical Library. 15s. each.

SCIENCE AND PREDICTION

The hand that lit the first artificial fire could not foresee the momentous consequences. The complex route from the discovery of radium to the hydrogen bomb was not foreseeable. Sir George Thomson relies mainly on science for more or less probable forecasts. These involve a summary survey of numerous activities: this imposed study of the present is one benefit from predictive efforts. Predictions also, by directing thought and action, tend to fulfil themselves, as Sir George notes. Radium stirred a revolution in physics; a "new and unsuspected physical discovery", he also recognises, may confound the prophet. Thus "scientific knowledge", which is "bound to become" increasingly the "accepted background of thought", may defeat its own predictive power. This might even affect principles of impotence,—such as "energy is conserved and constant"—which aid prediction by restricting possibilities. The conservations of mass and energy have been combined, but particular modifications of the restrictive principles are unlikely.

Sir George, when condemning the "extrapolation of trends" as a "dangerous method of prediction", eyes psychology, which is "not an exact science". The increasing use of nuclear energy in the form of electricity, including all railroads, accords with "the present trend". Difficulties beset the use of tidal power and may severely restrict the use of solar radiation. Though the hydrogen bomb, however developed, may never equal the energy output of the "famous Krakatoa explosion", it may be tamed to supply a steady flow of nuclear energy. In the discussion of "Transport and Communications" nuclear energy, perhaps finally obtained from successfully controlled "piles", figures, though not exclusively. Television has possibilities. Though nuclear power "in more than token quantity is still a news item", a satellite station is not wholly fantastic, and a visit to the stars may be nearer in the future than Pekin man is in the past.

Nuclear energy plants benefit by the zirconium which absorbs neutrons feebly; this illustrates the importance of materials. The future world may be more like fairyland than now. It will be if, taking some cues from organic fibres, 'strengthened' materials also become lighter and more flexible, making buildings more like biological than "engineering" structures. Biology tends to rival physical science in moulding the future. Monkeys might be trained for some tasks. These might be bred to have "better hands and greater docility". This might happen by appropriate radiation directed on their genes. Plant and animal breeding in general *might* benefit by mutations so produced.

The mechanisation trend demands free extension. Cybernetics, illustrated by the automatic pilot, is well in this. The analogy between calculating machine and brain is seductive: electrical processes occur in both. Also a "mechanical animal", responsive to light, has been 'taught' to respond to a whistle: like the conditioned reflexes of Pavlov's dogs. This prompts a predictive look at the brain. Devices, including "selected mutations", may improve brains vastly. What will happen then is not foreseeable. Predictive intent carries Sir George interestingly through many matters. Though he glances slightly at some, precognition for instance, there is no wearisome crowding. The many matters include a measure of meteorological control, food provision, the problem of the stupid, and even the possible confinement of death to "accident or intent", though the relation of mind to matter will probably remain significant but unknown. The earth itself, Sir George remarks, probably is stable enough physically to allow millions of years for human development. Fears have settled, perhaps needlessly, on an exploding sun. Sir George ignores, no doubt rightly, any cosmic catastrophe that might make the universe a graveyard for man, his performances, and his predictions.

J. C. GREGORY.

The Foreseeable Future. By Sir George Thomson. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

FAITH AND CULTURE

This book is one of the better exports from America, and it would be no great surprise if it should prove to be one of the most acceptable for some considerable time. It is, to be sure, a little prolix and yields a thought too easily to the temptation to write in technical jargon where much simpler and more direct language would have proved just as effective and even more forceful. But for all that it is not a book which the student of contemporary history or sociology will easily put down once he has got into the swing of the writer's thought. In essence it is an answer to the question "What part does religious faith play in the shaping of general culture?" It is, in a word, an essay in social physiology in which Professor Meland traces the filaments of thought and feeling which have carried and still must carry, he believes, real faith into the every day texture of culture.

We have been passing through a period, he declares, in which the role of faith in the creation of culture has been minimised not only in the understanding of men but in actual fact. Faith has been like to perish at the hands of a liberalism which demanded clarity and reasonableness at all costs, and which imagined that in discovering reasonable and unequivocal meanings we had exhausted the meaning of a fact or an event. It is that basic assumption which is challenged here, and Dr. Meland has no difficulty in showing that the assumption is simply not true and that our 'rational' meaning is only part of a mass of meanings. It is the bit of the iceberg we see, the part of the spectrum our normal sight can discern, but both the iceberg and the spectrum are far greater in significance than can ever be discovered by purely rational processes. Rational explanation can give me an account of the glowing colours of the High Peak seen at sunset through a gossamer mist; it can give no explanation of the meaning of peace and tranquillity it has for the beholder. Yet if the immediate past has tended to make light of the place of faith in culture, the change of direction in modern metaphysics and the coming of depth psychology are likely to create a much more favourable climate for faith, and one in which it may once again play its full part in the creation of a genuinely healthy culture.

What then can faith give to culture? It can give meaning to it and can provide culture with all those effects which give feeling and tone to a community and create supreme loyalties. It alone can do this precisely because faith lies at a deeper level than even Jung's "racial unconscious" and can almost be described as a primordial element of human personality which is both able to discern the hidden and multiple meanings of things, persons and events, and provide those meanings with energies which carry them into every personal and corporate matrix of culture. Above everything else this faith can see in certain secular and religious experiences the symbols of the presence of a good which is not ourselves but is in its own being active, searching and creative, a good which found human expression in the Founder of Christianity. It is in terms of this emergent evolution that Dr. Meland sees the real meaning of the evolutionary and the redemptive processes, and which he puts to such luminous use in his discussions of the origin of evil and the solution of the even more inscrutable problem of goodness. Yet such discernments of truth as faith becomes aware of are not contrary to the truth which reason apprehends but are, as it were, its continuation and may be either its sub-structure or its fullest completion. Hence the author is sceptical as to the power of the "neo-theologies" of all kinds, with their sharp distinction between the sacred and the secular and their rigid individualisms, to make faith effective in the transformation of culture, and he looks to a liberalism which has gained a new dimension of depth to perform this vital function.

Such is the thesis of this book, and so brief a summary cannot do justice to

the closeness, the realism and the suggestiveness of Professor Meland's thought. There are in the mind of the reviewer problems, especially those in the relationship of faith to history, which it leaves unsolved, and the doctrine of the Holy Spirit in this book seems to be woefully incomplete; but there can be no doubt that Dr. Meland has opened up a fresh seam of hopeful and realistic thinking.

B. C. FLOWRIGHT.

Faith and Culture. By Bernard Meland. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

TRAVELLING EAST

Some years ago I heard a Norwegian read a witty essay on "The English, by a Native." He was, of course, satirising the habit of the English, including perhaps the Welsh, of trotting round the world and then coming home and publishing their impressions with a fine air of judicial authority and detachment. Perhaps if it were rather commoner for "natives" to write such travellers' tales about the English, fewer would appear about the "natives"; or they might be written with more imagination and humility. Bernard Llewellyn is well above the average, but he has not avoided some of the typical faults of the English traveller who assumes that the English way of doing things is the only tolerable one. Let me illustrate. He spent several months in Dacca, capital of East Pakistan. Even by eastern standards Dacca is a smelly place; but smells seem to be an obsession with Mr. Llewellyn. They creep into almost every chapter. Does not this kind of thing betray the author rather than the countries he is visiting? Again, when he was being politely entertained in a village, he has to record that the tea "overflowed in puddles in the saucers." Has Mr. Llewellyn ever read the Twenty-third Psalm, and meditated on the meaning of the words, "My cup runneth over"? To an easterner the overflowing cup means good hospitality; to the unreflecting westerner just a messy saucer. One shudders at the thought of Bernard Llewellyn complaining to his Maker: "Lord, my cup sloppeth over." Many other examples might be given of this lack of imagination—surely strange in one who enjoyed living in China.

But Mr. Llewellyn has moments of rare vision and insight. His chapter on "The Islamic Way" might well be pondered by many Christians. "The potentiality of any religion must be judged by the best people it produces, not by those who misunderstand its tenets and misapply its teachings." That is well said. So, too, his wise recognition that those who want to help the East to lift itself out of its vast, age-old poverty must show infinite patience. "The future cannot be taken by storm." He was favourably impressed by the Gandhians he saw at work. But he found nothing better than the remarkable hospital on a Himalayan hill-top where a young Indian Christian woman doctor and her English architect husband have built out of almost nothing but their own devotion and the love and labour of their poor neighbours, one of the most beautiful and effective hospitals surely in all South Asia. To stay with the Bakers at Mitraniketan is a hill-top experience, and it provides a fine climax to a book which, if read with discernment, should help in racial understanding. When next Bernard Llewellyn goes wandering, perhaps he will throw a few more of his western prejudices into the Suez Canal.

HORACE ALEXANDER.

From the Back Streets of Bengal. By Bernard Llewellyn. Allen and Unwin. 18s.

INDIA'S POPULATION

The population of the Republic of India, as enumerated in the 1951 census, was 361.8 million. Ten years earlier the population of the same area was 314.88 million; in 1931 it was 275.52 million. The registered birth rate is high, twenty-eight per 1,000 population in 1950, but many births are not registered, and the Indian official statisticians, allowing for this fact, compute an "adjusted"

birth rate, which for the same year was 39.9 per 1,000. Similarly, the registered death rate, twenty per 1,000, become when adjusted 27.4 per 1,000. The annual increase of population is about five million.

In India preventable diseases are very common and take a heavy toll of human life. But preventive measures are being applied and the death rate is coming down. The birth rate however, remains high, and the population tends to increase at a still higher rate. There was a similar demographic movement in western Europe during the nineteenth century; but in India progress may be much more rapid, for the Indian health authorities can now employ powerful agents, preventive and curative, of which the western health reformers in the last century knew nothing. In Ceylon, as is well known, the recent attack on malaria with modern insecticides and drugs has achieved within a decade spectacular results. India is a poor country. Dr. Chandrasekhar writes:

Millions of our people are close to the famine level. . . . Our consumption is still at 1,700 calories per head per day. . . . Millions exist in rural hovels and urban tenements deprived of even the basic necessities of civilised existence. And thousands live and sleep on our pavements. . . . According to the United Nations survey, the national *per capita* incomes of India, U.K., and in U.S.A. in 1949 were \$81, \$833, and \$1,453 respectively.

He then asks how can this standard of living be raised "if our population continues to increase by five or more million every year?" His answer is: "It is impossible." He holds that family planning is necessary. India's population question was considered by a Planning Commission appointed by the Indian Government in 1950 under the chairmanship of Mr. Nehru; and the Commission, reporting in 1952, recommended that a programme of planned development of industry, agriculture and public services should be formulated and brought into effect. They also recommended the adoption of family planning:

The recent increase in the population of India and the pressure exercised on the limited resources of the country have brought to the forefront the urgency of family planning and population control. . . . Population control can be achieved only by the reduction of the birth rate to the extent necessary to stabilise the population at a level consistent with the requirements of national economy.

To achieve this aim, the Commission recommended that a scheme should be prepared primarily to discover suitable techniques of family planning and devise means by which knowledge of these could be widely disseminated, and to make the giving of advice on family planning part of the services of government hospitals and public health agencies.

There are certain important features of Indian social life that may seem antagonistic to population control, for example, early and almost universal marriage. Though the Child Marriage Restraint Act, 1929, forbids child marriages (males under eighteen and females under fourteen years), the 1951 census revealed that there were 2,833,000 married males and 6,118,000 married females, 66,000 widowers and 134,000 widows between the ages of five and fourteen. Only six per cent. of females aged fifteen or over were unmarried. Moreover, a Hindu is enjoined by his religion to marry early and beget sons to perform their family duties to their ancestors. Dr. Chandrasekhar does not, however, regard such obstacles as insuperable. Family planning appears to be gaining ground in India. More than seventy birth control clinics of the western type, mostly municipal institutions, have already been established; seventeen are administered by the municipality of Bombay. Moreover, birth control clinics form part of the Army and Air Force medical services. Dr. Chandrasekhar's advocacy of birth control will encounter opposition in various quarters, but his book, well arranged, clearly written, and informative, is a notable contribution to the modern scientific study of population.

G. F. McCLEARY.

Population and Planned Parenthood in India. By S. Chandrasekhar. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

AUSTRIA'S ROAD TO INDEPENDENCE

This book describes the long and thorny path which Austria had to pursue from 'liberation' by the Russian and the other Allied armies to liberty. The author led resistance to the Nazis in the Tyrol, then played a great part in the foundation of the new republic, became its Foreign Minister, and recently its Ambassador in Washington. These positions put him in contact with the leading statesmen of all the nations concerned, and his book adds significant features to our picture of them. The Allies showed a milder disposition towards Austria than to Germany, regarding her as a victim of Hitler's brutality. But the democratic powers had no well-considered plan for the future, and were long blinded by the illusion that Russia could be trusted to create democratic regimes in the Danubian countries. The real aim of Moscow was the setting up of Communist States subject to its own dictation. Many attempts were made to reach this aim in Austria too, partly by open force, partly by other methods. It was years before the democratic Allies became fully aware of the danger and took effective measures to overcome it. The Marshall Plan, in particular, was decisive in creating conditions in which a democratic spirit could grow to such strength that Soviet machinations failed. The Western Allies further began to build up a defence organisation, and this scheme induced Moscow to procrastinate the conclusion of an Austrian Treaty in the hope that this could be used for bargaining purposes, to hinder or weaken the defence plans of the democracies. If the Soviets at last suddenly permitted the conclusion of the Treaty, this does not mean that they have given up their aims. Though Mr. Gruber was not Foreign Minister, then, he has certainly made possible Austria's real liberation by the incessant diplomatic moves described in this book.

Karl Gruber is of Tyrolese origin and, as the head of Austrian diplomacy, he had also to conduct negotiations concerning the fate of the German-Austrian part of Southern Tyrol. After the 1914-1918 war it had been given by the victors to Italy as a reward for her entry into the conflict as an ally. In the second war she was on the side of Hitler, and it seemed that this justified the granting of self-determination to the German-Austrian Southern Tyrol. When the peace treaty with Italy was being negotiated Austria proposed that the question should be decided by a plebiscite. The justice of this demand was undeniable. Winston Churchill on July 5, 1946, in a speech in the House of Commons vigorously supported it. He said that in the whole of Europe there was no case of a people more entitled to it, and that "every liberal principle will be impugned by the assignment of the Austrian Tyrol to Italy against the wishes of its inhabitants." Nevertheless the peace treaty handed over the territory to Italy, though stipulating for certain safeguards in favour of the people. The motive was mainly in the existence of a powerful Italian lobby in Washington; the American electorate comprises many voters of Italian origin. It was pointed out that Italy was hard hit by the loss of her colonies in Africa, and that she ought at least to keep the Austrian parts of Southern Tyrol. Self-determination was therefore granted to the Africans but not to the Tyrolese. The Soviet Union strongly supported the Italian claim for the purpose of propaganda in Italy where the Communists seemed to have a good chance; in the Tyrol they had none.

FREDERICK HERTZ.

Between Liberation and Liberty. By Karl Gruber. André Deutsch. 18s.

GERMAN PARLIAMENTS

The task which Sir Stephen King-Hall and Dr. Richard K. Ullmann set themselves in this Hansard Society publication, to sketch the development of representative institutions in Germany, is certainly an ambitious one. It would be difficult enough to write about the growth of British representative institutions

in 140 pages. But the task becomes almost impossible in the case of Germany, which lacks the continuity and unity in British history. In Germany there was—with the notable exception of Wurtemberg in the south-west—an almost complete break between the end of the influence of the estates and the beginning of modern parliamentarism. Treatment is made even more difficult by the absence of a single German State. It is not surprising that the authors' attempt to link the development of feudal estates with modern parliamentary institutions seems forced.

The greater part of the book deals with the situation since the revolution of 1848. Instead of confining itself to the strictly constitutional issues, mentioning other events only in so far as they are absolutely necessary to throw light on these, it picks out all sorts of happenings only remotely connected with constitutional development. It thus lays itself open, on the one hand, to the criticism that the description of the failure of the 1848 movement in Prussia and Germany does not mention either Radowitz or the "Punktation" of Olmütz. On the other hand, there are some unsubstantiated judgements—such as that Hermann Müller, Brüning's successor as Reich Chancellor, could not claim any more for himself than that he was "a very decent man"—and speculations, such as that Austria may one day return to the Reich. Emphasis is placed on the fact that Göring became President of the Reichstag with the help of the Centre Party, but there is no reference to the German tradition that the parliamentary presidency goes to a representative of the strongest party in the house.

The authors have unfortunately put forward an extreme left-wing analysis of some developments during the Weimar Republic. Stresemann is blamed for a "reckless policy" which merely amounted to restoring law and order. General Groener is disposed of as "the man who in 1918 had sent his soldiers from the front to help Ebert to defeat the Left-wing insurrections." Many of the facts are incorrect. It is claimed that Groener's successor as Defence Minister, Gessler, was kept in office throughout many government changes by the Army Command. This springs from an erroneous view of the workings of the Weimar constitution. These and similar mistakes seem surprising in a book which has been revised by "a number of eminent German historians."

FRANK EYCK.

German Parliaments: A study of the development of representative institutions in Germany.
By Sir Stephen King-Hall and Richard K. Ullmann. The Hansard Society. 10s. 6d.

GERMAN ROMANTIC LITERATURE

The German Sturm und Drang with which Professor Roy Pascal deals in a most learned book was a literary movement of the eighteenth century, important, if at all, as a forerunner of classical German literature, which would have blossomed and developed in any case. What he has to tell about those forerunners is interesting only to specialists because nobody would dream of reading the works of Lenz, Müller, Klinger and Wagner if not forced to do so by some outmoded university syllabus, for their literary value is next to nothing. Their philosophical, religious, political and literary ideas were neither new nor profound, and were only a half-digested rehash of what they had read in French and English writers. What seemed to them extremely "revolutionary" seems to us only hopelessly immature, a state of mind which, unlike Goethe and Schiller, they never outgrew. If Professor Pascal asserts that their movement belongs to the tradition of European humanism, this is to say too much, because they are only on the fringe of it. We look to other writers if we want to convince ourselves of our humanistic heritage, to those English, French and German humanists of the eighteenth century whose ideas still lift up our hearts.

Professor Pascal says that the movement of the *Sturm und Drang* was the harbinger of nineteenth-century romanticism. We agree, the more so as we

think about Ralph Tymms' *German Romantic Literature*. This gives a detailed and most instructive analysis of the German romantic movement—or, we should prefer to say, the German mind which, with a few famous exceptions, is essentially romantic. When one of the chief theoreticians of that movement, Friedrich Schlegel, declared: "In a certain sense all poetry is, or should be, romantic," he was of course very wrong where the literatures of the ancient Greeks and Romans are concerned; and the works of most modern English, French or Dutch authors do not comply with his dictatorial statement. But he was right about his German contemporaries, Tieck, Novalis, Wackenroder, Brentano, Arnim, and the writings of the later German romantics, Hoffmann, Eichendorff, Lenau and Mörike.

The most illuminating chapter in Mr. Tymms' book is that on Novalis and his mysticism or magical idealism—big words for a rather uncanny psychological attitude which found its deepest expression in the poet's *Hymns to Night*—night sometimes being a symbol for the wish to die, and sometimes for the Holy Virgin. From this we can see the unwholesome playing with symbols of which he was so fond. Another poem *Das Lied der Toten* (*The Song of the Dead*) again reveals this strange attitude which led him to describe death as if it were the most happy and eventful sort of life: the dead celebrate "quiet festivals" in their rooms and gardens, and none wishes to leave again "once he has joyfully sat at our full tables." The mixture of morbid sensuality and Christian mysticism in this very gifted but absurd man makes us remember Goethe's dictum that classicism is healthy and romanticism unhealthy.

Mr. Tymms is a forceful critic, and all his chapters are well worth reading, but it is a pity he did not stress the unsavoury side of German romantic literature. Nietzsche, himself partly a romantic of the most catastrophic kind, said in one of his better moments that it was the fate of the romantics to choke themselves with moral and religious absurdities. Nor does Mr. Tymms see the connection between the German romantics and the National Socialists. In his bibliographical note he mentions the names of Petersen, Kindermann and Nadler. These men were among the most contemptible Hitler professors who, in the millenium of the Third Reich, were very much at pains to show the fulfilment of the ideas of the romantic movement through National Socialism. Goethe's fight against romanticism, said Thomas Mann a few years ago, was "essentially political, although couched in literary and aesthetic terms, because the subject of his antipathy, romanticism, was political too, that is to say counter-revolutionary." A German professor, Othmar Anderle, said recently in a detailed analysis of Arnold Toynbee's *Study of History*: "It is no mere chance that Germany is the country of 'eternal boys,' that you find in all German thought something contradictory, unbalanced, *outré*, schoolboyish, a discrepancy between Willing and Doing, something which is characteristic of the age of puberty. The specifically German movements of the *Sturm und Drang* in the last decades of the eighteenth century, of the Wartburg students of 1817, of the German Reich under Wilhelm II and of National Socialism have something in common from which only a few great Germans are entirely free. It is a sort of tragic inadequacy which fills the other nations with disgust because it passes so often into self-stupefaction through noise and clamour, into excessiveness and outrage, into arrogance and conceit."

J. LESSER.

The German Sturm und Drang. By Roy Pascal. Manchester University Press. 25s.
German Romantic Literature. By Ralph Tymms. Methuen, 25s.

HOHENZOLLERN AND WITTELSBACH

Victoria Maria Adelaide Louise, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, called Vicky in the family, went to Berlin in 1858 as the wife of Prince Frederick William of Hohenzollern. She was young—hardly more than seventeen—and

full of enthusiasm. Her father Prince Albert had instilled into her many of his romantic ideas of a unified Germany, which he hoped his son-in-law would one day realise. Fritz, as Queen Victoria called him, was as much in love with Vicky as she was with him, and throughout their married life they were a most devoted couple. Prussia, and with her Germany, were then at the crossroads. The abortive revolution of 1848 had left as legacy the desire for unification, and about 1860 hopes ran high that this aim would soon be achieved. It was, but not as Albert, Vicky and Fritz had wanted it. Bismarck, Germany's evil genius, brought about unification as an extension of Prussian domination over the whole of Germany, while at the same time poisoning the minds of the German people, as the new German Empire was not founded on persuasion and peaceful agreement but on the successes of the Prussian army. Potsdam, not Weimar, became the centre of the new Empire. Both Fritz and Vicky strove as much as they could to preserve what remained of Liberalism in Germany and both had to contend with the implacable hatred of Bismarck who with an uncanny virtuosity always found his opponents' weak spots. Princess Victoria made Bismarck's task easy; throughout her life she carried her heart on her sleeve and her unguarded remarks were numerous. But she and her husband could still hope to right all wrongs when Fritz became Emperor, yet when his father died in 1888 aged ninety-one, all these hopes were dashed. The Crown Prince had been suffering from cancer for a year, and his reign, the reign of a voiceless, slowly dying Emperor, lasted ninety-nine days. Victoria—the Empress Frederick as she wished to be called—remained a widow in a country which she had never fully understood and where she was not liked by those who mattered, while her eldest son, William II, ruled as Emperor. Largely through Bismarck's influence, he was completely estranged from her.

This is where this book opens. The Empress was a prolific letter-writer. Air Vice-Marshal Lee has selected and edited about two hundred of the surviving two thousand letters which she wrote to her daughter Sophia, who married Constantine, Crown Prince of Greece, in 1889. This is not the first collection; Sir Frederick Ponsonby published in 1928 a selection of the letters written to her mother, and a few others are included in the biographical studies of other people. No other source shows the unhappy Empress in such an intimate light as does this new collection. All her life she had been keenly interested in politics; in Ponsonby's selection this trait is more marked than all others, and consequently there was not as yet much evidence that she had other interests as well, and that she was also a good and tender-hearted mother. In spite of the scanty evidence, public opinion in Germany, hostile beyond the grave, declared her a heartless and callous mother, and this was unfortunately accepted by some people in Britain. Now however there is conclusive proof of her touching and affectionate tenderness.

Mr. Lee has prefaced his edition of the letters with an admirable brief biographical sketch, very necessary because today the Empress is almost forgotten. The editing is extremely well done—they really make the Empress a living person. Naturally, letters written between 1889 and 1901 show more feeling than is the fashion today. We are in the habit of looking down on the sentimentality of the Victorians, but these letters show that we have perhaps lost more than is generally realised. The Empress died of cancer as her husband had done thirteen years earlier. To the last she remained what she had been all her life, a courageous woman whose spirit remained unbroken through all the adversity which fate heaped upon her. She maintained her interest in the world even when pain became unbearable. During the last few months of her life her son the Kaiser, hostile for so long, tried to make amends, and she died peacefully. She loved both Germany and Britain, but she was not uncritical of either. While Germany repaid her criticism with persistent hostility, Britain did

perhaps worse and forgot her. This book should do a great deal to revive the memory of a courageous daughter of England.

The Wittelsbach family ruled in Bavaria for over seven hundred years, first as dukes, then as electors, and finally as kings. During the nineteenth century some of the members of this family showed very strange trends: King Ludwig I at sixty-two fell a victim to the attractions of an Irish dancer, Lola Montez, so much so that the Bavarians, though used to his numerous amorous exploits, forced his abdication; Elisabeth Empress of Austria, another member of the family, showed a strangeness of behaviour in many ways, and her only son the Crown Prince Rudolph was believed by some to be of unsound mind when he died by his own hand; Ludwig I's son and successor Maximilian II, married a Hohenzollern Princess, niece of King Frederick William IV of Prussia, who died after many years of mental derangement; of Maximilian's two sons, Ludwig and Otto, the first became King of Bavaria at the age of nineteen after his father's death in 1864, and the second, after a short but creditable army career, became mad and had to be kept under close supervision from 1870 to his death in 1916. Ludwig II's short life—he died in 1886 before he was forty-one—was more complex and is not as easily explained as is his brother's.

The late Major Chapman-Huston had all the secret archives of the House of Wittelsbach at his disposal. Yet while his book is not unsatisfactory, it cannot answer all the reader's questions. This is not the author's fault, for written sources in a case like this are incomplete, and the story must end as did the hero's life, abruptly and apparently senselessly. To Chapman-Huston Ludwig was a deeply unhappy, lonely man, who wanted to escape from reality. We are shown how madness approached gradually, how the King found his public duties increasingly onerous and how he consequently neglected them; how he made constantly more ecstatic friendships with quite ordinary young men whom Ludwig nevertheless in the lonely realm of his thoughts invested with quite extraordinary gifts; and how in most cases the unavoidable disappointment followed. In a desperate attempt to escape his unhappy propensity Ludwig became engaged to his cousin Sophie, Empress Elisabeth's sister. The engagement did not last long; the wedding was first postponed, then cancelled.

Only two of the many friendships stand out. Almost before his father was in the grave Ludwig invited Richard Wagner, who was then hiding from his creditors, to Munich. To the composer it was the King's munificence that was important, but it was Wagner's romantic verbosity that appealed to Ludwig, shrinking more and more from reality. The other friend was Rudolph Kainz, one of the greatest actors of the German stage. Both the King's homosexuality and his inability to face reality became more and more marked as time went on. He had a mania for building castles—a number still stand as evidence—and his financial affairs added to his difficulties. Finally, the Bavarian Government felt compelled to depose him. He was taken to one of his castles, and there he drowned himself, first drowning the psychiatrist who had been put in charge of him. There are things one would have liked in more detail. What made Ludwig write the letter in 1870 inviting the King of Prussia to become German Emperor? Some people believe that Bismarck must have bribed him. More information on the relationship between Ludwig and his cousin the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria would also have been desirable. There is generally not enough historical framework for so sympathetic a character study. This is a pity, because one senses how hard the author tried to bring his unhappy hero to life.

R. BARKELEY.

The Empress Frederick writes to Sophie. Letters 1889-1901. Edited by Arthur Gould Lee. Faber and Faber. 25s.

Bavarian Fantasy: the story of Ludwig II. By Desmond Chapman-Huston. John Murray. 25s.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

From the hazards of publishing, and in particular from the typographical hiatus, we yearn to intimations of holidays ahead. *ABROAD ON THE CHEAP* by Wendy Hall (*Faber & Faber*, 10s. 6d.) is a natural leader, packed and practical as a well disposed suitcase, with advice on "getting there under your own steam" or by public transport, for potterer and pusher-on alike. Whether you are hotel-minded or a paying guest, a camper, walker, cyclist, or eager to work your passage, or pursue a course of study, the directions are here to be followed, and the absence of the gaily-coloured brochure approach is a positive inducement to postpone daydreaming until the ways and means to and about the countries of Europe are mastered. With memories of Miss Hall's previous accounts of conditions in Finland in mind, her sections on the Scandinavia she knows so well receive and deserve special attention.

The man in the Moscow street

"Blimey!" said the bus conductor, eyeing the luggage of the fare who explained he was going on a *RUSSIAN HOLIDAY* (*Harrap*, 18s.). But mercifully Allan Chappelow's title is an exact description of his 1954 trip. Noting with approval that he voted Liberal in the three last general elections, we are relieved of any necessity to regard his British party as a delegation and to discover how entirely unpolitical in character it was. The cost was £95 per head, as currency and other problems were solved by the exchange basis with an equal number of Soviet university graduates—the very best bilaterism surely for both countries. Mr. Chappelow was fortunate in his close companion Michael Beresford, whose knowledge of the language was an invaluable adjunct to cross-questioning. The book thus succeeds in its broad and graphic picture of life, temporal, spiritual and material, in this

vast territory, where love and marriage are at least as important to the ordinary Russian as tractors, where health services, schools, multiple stores, ice cream, orange lampshades and bathing in Don or Volga are all parts of the pattern, where the city streets glow with colour even if their buildings loom. Common man—even as common Englishman—"is an amiable, good natured being with much the same basic needs and desires." As for the Kremlin—"not a soul outside really knows what is going on." This entertaining record (and its many professional-standard and peopled photographs from the Chappelow camera), as Sir Norman Angell says in the Foreword, "throws light on the mood, outlook and attitude of today's younger generation in Russia."

The Lion of Judah

More light is thrown from 700-odd pages and 200 pictures on *ETHIOPIA* (*Lalibela House*, 37s. 6d.), Sylvia Pankhurst's cultural history of the land whose cause she has championed since the League of Nations turned its back. It is unlikely that anyone in future would have the temerity to visit this ancient and mysterious country without undergoing apprenticeship to her volume. Once the holder of a Proctor Travelling Studentship, Miss Pankhurst "became immersed in efforts for social betterment" following her earliest interests in painting and the decorative arts. How abundantly fruitful her pair of enthusiasms have been may be judged by the scope of her survey; the traditional migration from Arabia, Oriental Christian art, "the Christian romance of Alexander the Great," Portuguese infiltration, Protestant missionary endeavour in the 1800's, the introduction of the printing press, and the Addis Ababa University College with its arts and science faculties of the 1950's under the enlightened eye of Haile Selassie, are but a few of her

concerns. And through it all architecture, music, literature, philosophy, folklore, theology, and the skill of jeweller, sculptor and weaver are strong links in the connecting chain.

To the north

How Doctor Johnson watched the women thickening the weave by rubbing, "wildly howling an Erse song all the time," or what he thought of patronage in learning, may be chuckled over again in *THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON* by James Boswell (*Macdonald Illustrated Classics*. 12s. 6d.) edited by Jack Werner. Once more these re-issues, their binding, their shape and very smell and feel must be praised, and when as now twenty caricatures of Thomas Rowlandson ridiculing incidents in the *Tour* are included, the satisfaction of handling, and dipping into and conning over, is complete.

Johnson said something to the effect that Scotsmen before proceeding to London should take in York. They may now take it in all the better for having first immersed themselves in *THE CITY OF OUR DREAMS* (*St. Anthony's Press*. 50s.). This is J. B. Morrell's mainly pictorial presentation, on luxurious paper and with faultless reproduction, of its administrative, industrial, educational, architectural, and social development. Not that the city fathers who seek the ideal community are without respect for the past; they merely stress that life cannot be built on historical ruins, art galleries and museums alone, so Mr. Morrell's second edition of the work first published in 1940 suggestively revises and indicates hopefully "what we shall owe to those who are coming." His foregoing headings are "What we owe to the Dead" and "What we owe to the Living" and his contention that old buildings to avoid decay and death must be lived in, has a revolutionary ring. That Yorkshire complacency in county superiority whose blunt expression is so infuriating

to the less parochially-minded Londoner is not absent here. But the pride in his beautiful city manifest in his beautiful book is easy to excuse.

Queer fish

A book to save us all from complacency is *MAN IN THE BEGINNING* (*Bell & Sons*. 18s. 6d.). The Professor of Anthropology in the University of Wisconsin, William Howells, with the clarification of numerous drawings, tells the story of origins in which conscious superiority had no part. It begins about seventy-five million years ago, when man had long evolved from the fish stage that had given him his basic form. The steps taken by the hunters, farmers, societies, the oldest Americans, the cities, and bronze, are haltingly traversed. With the cradles of civilisation in Asia, and the beginnings of Europe in Egypt and Crete, after 4000 B.C. begins to look curiously modern, and without much hesitation we can pick a way to contemporary culture—or barbarism. "While Greece was flourishing and Rome was building" says the Professor "the west was occupied by Celtic-speaking peoples of the later Iron Age . . . but they were still tribes . . . to be conquered and weaned away from their tribal ideas."

Grecian glory

Tribesmen still, overt or secretly, we stand condemned. To the second edition of *GREEK HISTORICAL THOUGHT* Arnold J. Toynbee wrote a Preface which ended: "In A.D. 1950 we have even more to learn from Greek historical thought than we had in A.D. 1924." Six more years have not negated this conclusion, as the examination of the Mentor Books edition (*Frederick Muller*. 2s. 6d.) affirms. Chapters from Homer to the age of Heraclius, introduced and translated by Arnold Toynbee, with two pieces by Gilbert Murray, O.M., raise a cardboard cover to the purple. Part one consists of prefaces from Herodo-

tus to Theophylactus the Egyptian around 600 A.D. These and the historians in between present their philosophy—mutability, doom and envy of the gods, evolution, law and causation, argument and observation—in the second part, and the third has technique and criticism as "The Art of History." The epilogues of Xenophon and Polybius bring to an end the series, wherein the American spelling cannot break a Toynbee spell; nor is this bare recital of his contents uncalled for if it reminds readers of what they are getting for half-a-crown.

Grecian decline

A darker part of our heritage is the word *tyrannos* whose meaning degenerated in prose and verse as the Greeks became bothered by our own world's dilemma of how to avoid (or to allow with advantage) a State concentrating power in the hands of an individual. In *THE GREEK TYRANTS* (*Hutchinson University Library*. 8s. 6d.) A. Andrewes, the Wykeham Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, has for his theme the periods when the aristocracy of Corinth was overthrown, when the Spartan alternative to dictatorship appeared, when the consolidation of Attica, the threat of Persian conquest and the military monarchy in Sicily were vital factors in the political systems evolved. While the institutions which Greece had created "were in full working order there was no gap for a tyrant to fill" but falling at last into the power of Rome she lost even the show of independence. The moral is ably implied in a book which is a bracing encounter with the central period of Greek history.

Love with a difference

This preoccupation with things Greek returns us to the holiday spirit with which we began, not surprisingly in one who is to fulfil the interminably cherished ambition of seeing Greece, in April and for the first time. From

Corfu to Olympia, from Santorini to Troy, from Mycenae to Athens, the imagination takes its airy flight. Even airier, in between our earnest guide-book jottings, is a dalliance with the light verse of one of America's rare practitioners. Notice of *THE LOVE LETTERS OF PHYLLIS MCGINLEY* (*J. M. Dent*. 8s. 6d.), due to its inadvertent banishment among some little-used gramophone records, in unjustly tardy. She has been called "the feminine counterpart of Ogden Nash" and resentment at this coupling with the name of one's favourite American—now that Henry Mencken has warmed both hands and departed—was automatic. But her collection makes admittance of the resemblance inevitable. If she has his brand of irreverence she lacks perhaps the depths of his philosophy and, while the satire, like his, rarely devastates and is equally transatlantic, her womanly kindness breaks through more easily. Yet her long Phi Beta Kappa Columbia University poem "In Praise of Diversity" lacks all the prejudices that are supposed to afflict the reasoning powers of her sex. And she is succinct as Mr. Nash himself when she chooses; her "Gallery of Elders" includes for example the old feminist:

Snugly upon the equal heights
Enthroned at last where she belongs,
She takes no pleasure in her Rights
Who so enjoyed her Wrongs.

And the old actor:

Too lined for Hamlet, on the whole;
For tragic Lear, too coarsely built,
Himself becomes his favourite role,
Played daily to the hilt.

Pity it is that her "Saints Without Tears" cannot be quoted. Suffice it to say that a typed copy of "The Thunderer," St. Jerome's biography complete in forty lines, is now pasted to the back of the reproduction of his National Gallery picture by Antonello which hangs above the table.

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